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"Somewhere near the headwaters of the South Sixes River in Curry County, there is a gold ledge on Star Mountain near Benson Creek, in an area known as Star Gulch.

"In 1861 an old prospector had a placer claim in the Gulch and wondered where the gold came from, as it was coarse and had not traveled far. One day he got his gear together and worked his way up Star Mountain at the head of Star Gulch.

"Being old, progress was slow, so he chipped away at every likely looking outcropping that he passed. Nightfall found him high on the mountain, so he made a dry camp.

"Next morning, 'Nugget Tom,' as he was known, was up early to continue the search for the outcropping. Later that day, as he was about to give up the search his hammer, he struck a piece of quartz, rich in gold, which fell at his feet.

"Filling his pack, Tom started for his cabin. As he neared it he sat down to rest near a steep cliff. And that was all he could remember after a search party found him the next day, lying at the foot of the steep cliff. He was badly broken up, but still alive, so they patched his broken bones as best they could.

"One of the party who found him went through his pack and took out a piece of gold-ore quartz, the richest he had ever seen. The old man, being unconscious, was unable to tell what had happened.

"It was several days later that Tom was able to talk, but when asked about the location of the rich specimens, he refused to tell anyone anything.

"Next spring he again headed for the ledge where he had gotten the samples, but search as hard as he could, he was never able to locate the deposit again. And for four years he searched the mountainside in vain. Because the fall had affected his memory and he could not remember how he had gone up the mountain, Tom gave up the search and left the country.

"In the Spring of 1889, two prospectors, Benson and Robbins, decided to look for Tom's lost ledge in Star Gulch. They made a thorough search, finally finding a trace of gold where a spring fed the stream during the rainy season. But on examining the ore, they learned it was not 'Nugget Tom's' deposit. However, the ore was rich, so they continued to work it.

"One day, while going back to their camp for lunch, Benson happened to look back, at the same time pulling his gun, but not soon enough to stop a hairy creature from throwing all of their gear over a cliff. Later they told that the beast was big and powerful, covered with yellow fuzz over the body. None of their bullets seemed to affect it, as it vanished out of sight.

"They sold their mine, but the new owners never worked it, even though rich ore was showing. No one said so, but the reason may have been the rumors of wild men who lived on the mountain. In the 1870s four prospectors were mysteriously killed in this area while prospecting. They are buried in a little graveyard on Huckleberry Knoll near Bear Pen Flats.

"Indian legends say that a lost tribe of Indian devils, called 'Swalahists,' inhabited this area, and it was taboo for other people. Over the years, fear of these creatures has kept many prospectors and lost-mine hunters out of the area."

This is a good site for a prospector who is not afraid of Indian legends to investigate.

SOURCES:

Federal Writers Guide for Wisconsin.

Good Old Days magazine. April 1991. Postmaster, Hurley, Wisconsin 54534.

The Treasure Hunter. A publication devoted to treasure hunting. October 1968.

Treasure magazine. June 1980.

***Author's Note:** For those interested, I have 20 typewritten pages of research information on the state of Wisconsin which I can photocopy. Send $5.00 (postpaid) to: Michael Paul Henson, Box 980, Jeffersonville, IN 47131-0980.* LT

A cave has been uncovered in the vicinity and is called Treasure Cave, but nothing valuable has been found.

7) It seems unlikely that Jesse James hid any valuables in Wisconsin, however, local legend tells that Jesse and cohorts buried a safe and two iron boxes full of money from bank and train robberies near Wildcat Mountain, just west of Ontario near County Road #33 in Vernon County. For more information see *Treasure* magazine for June 1980. Also, the *Federal Writers Guide for Wisconsin* mentions this cache.

8) The Apostle Islands are between northwest Michigan and northern Wisconsin, in Lake Superior. There are several treasure stories connected with these islands that could pay a treasure hunter to research. (See the book *Michigan Treasures* by Steven Michaels.)

In 1868, Frederick Prentice started quarries on Bass, Stockton and Hermit Islands. By 1890, Prentice's fortune had grown to several hundred thousand dollars. He built a house near the quarry on Hermit Island, but when he brought his bride to live on the island, she refused to stay. Prentice lived alone in the house until his death. Very little of his wealth was found. Since he had no money in banks, it is believed he buried it near his home.

In and near the old graveyard at La Pointe on Madeline Island, several treasures may have been buried during the French and Indian War.

British soldiers are believed to have buried numerous caches of Revolutionary War plunder on Stockton Island.

In 1850, William Wilson, who had worked for years as a highly paid cooper, came to Hermit Island. He lived alone from 1850 until his death in 1861. He always had plenty of gold. When a search of his cabin yielded only a few coins after his death, the local people assumed he had buried the rest. His hoarded treasure is believed to still be somewhere in the vicinity.

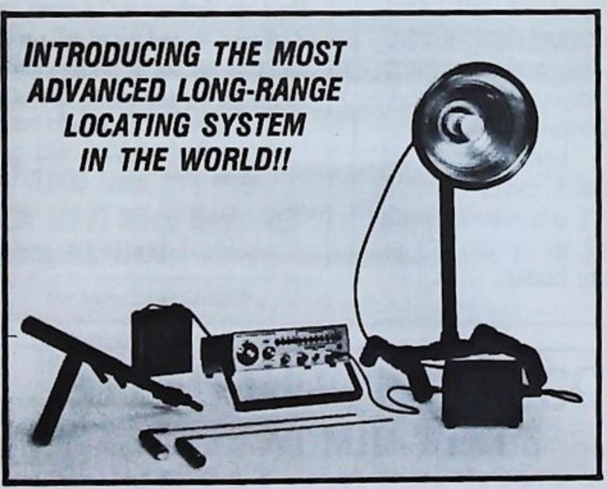
In 1760 an iron box containing $12,000 in gold coins was buried on York Island by British soldiers to keep it out of the hands of attacking Indians.

On Hermit Island in the 1700s, pirates preyed on fur traders and passing boats. Their hideout was in a secluded cave. About 1725, they attacked a group of French traders. During the fight the pirates were all captured and hanged, reputedly leaving an unknown amount of loot hidden in or near the cave.

During the Revolutionary War (1778) a British officer buried a chest of silver coins on Sand Island.

The following came, in part, from the October-November 1961 issue of *Prospectors Guide,* a publication devoted to treasure hunting.

While this mixture of gold discoveries and wild men called "Swalahists" by the local Indians of the 1880s sounds like fiction, the white men in the story did exist, were prospectors and did find gold.



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officially reported shipwrecked here.

Several modern day wrecks have occurred in this area which should make it enticing to the treasure hunter.

5) It is a recorded fact that several million dollars were cached by different prohibition gangsters during the 1920s and 1930s throughout Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, that was never retrieved. So just about everywhere any of these men lived or stopped for any length of time is a potential site for hidden money.

One such location is the little town of Winter in Sawyer County. Joe Saltis, noted Chicago gangster of the prohibition era, came here quite often to relax. While Saltis entertained, local officials and newspapermen at Winter and made no secret of his identity, Chicago and Illinois authorities, spurred on by newspaper campaigns, were searching the country for him.

Saltis remained undisturbed until, posting armed guards through the woods, he began fly fishing within the prohibited 500 feet below a state owned dam. A group of volunteer deputies led by a game warden captured the whole gang. While the metropolitan journals announced the fruitless nationwide search for him, Saltis was brought before a local magistrate, assessed the maximum fine and released.

Two other locations are: Al Capone owned a 370 acre complex at Couderay, in Sawyer County, which he visited until his death in 1947. This was virtually a fort with a watch-tower, stone walls and an escape tunnel, all staffed by machine gun armed guards. When it is remembered that the Capone gang used this hideout at various times for over six years, the possibility of hidden caches being on the estate are tremendous.

Another location where Capone operated a still and bootleg operations during the 1920s, was a farm just west of Milwaukee. Local research could very well pay off on these three gangster sites.

6) The following was printed in *The Treasure Hunter* (a periodical devoted to treasure hunting) for October 1968. I quote in part:

"In 1829 a boat, coming down the Wisconsin River loaded with supplies, made a stop at Portage and then proceeded toward Prairie De Chien. As it neared what is now known as Dewey State Park, in Grant County, Indians attacked the boat on one side.

"Several men grabbed a chest and made their way to shore on the opposite side of the boat and started up to the top of a high river bluff. Near the top was a cave. They went inside and buried the chest and valuables. They then joined the fight and helped drive the Indians off.

"Fearing another attack, they lost no time getting away from the area. They agreed the treasure was safe so made plans to pick it up on their next trip. This was over a year later and when they looked for the cave, could not find it.

"A landslide had covered the openings with dirt. They continued to search for several years but without any luck. When the Black Hawk War came, some joined the fight and were killed. Others died natural deaths but they all had one thing in common — the treasure. Each passed on the above story but no one is known to have found the chest in all these years."

The value of the treasure is believed to be between $45,000 and $50,000. The fact that it took several men to handle the chest would indicate that it could exceed this amount.

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Wisconsin —

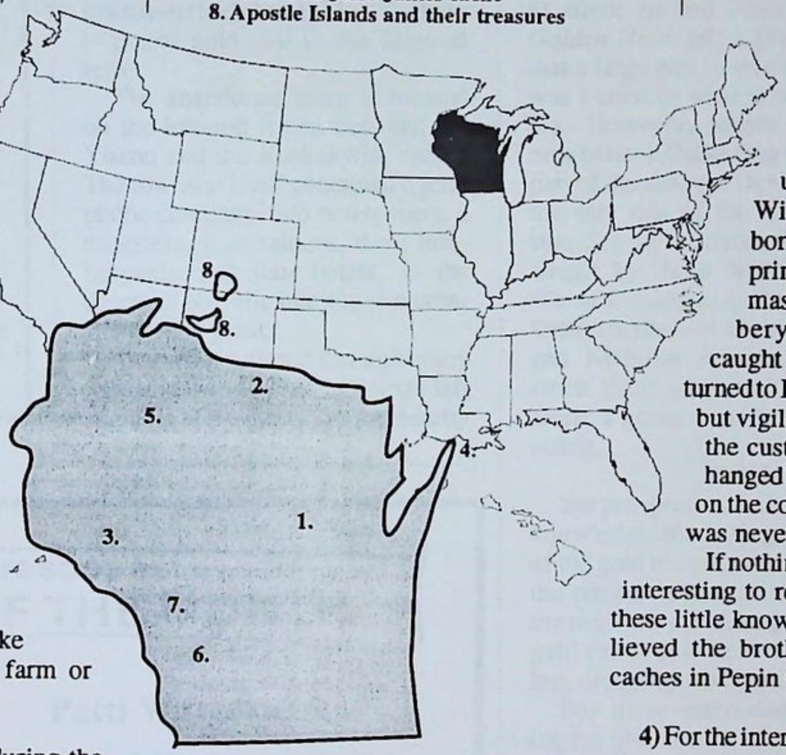
Treasures With Intrigue

by Michael Paul Henson

1) The magazine, *Good Old Days* for April 1991, had in their "Nostalgia" news column, the following (with photo of the shack's interior and H. G. Beck): "Wausau, Wis., March 2, 1947—H. G. Beck, Wisconsin Valley Trust Co. inspector checks a hole in the floor of the late William Kuehl's farm shack home, where nearly $10,000 cash and deposit slips for another $10,000 were found. Kuehl, who was 84 when found dead on Jan. 10, was a bachelor recluse: a pauper in life, wealthy in death."

The interest to a treasure hunter is, since it was learned after his death that Kuehl was wealthy and no one knows how much money he actually had, did he make any more caches on the farm or around his shack?

1. Possible miser's cache
2. Wide open town — good metal detecting area
3. Possible horse thieves' cache
4. Good area for scuba divers
5. Possible prohibition gangster loot
6. Hidden chest in cave
7. Rumored Jesse James cache
8. Apostle Islands and their treasures



2) A wide open town during the 1880s and later during prohibition that needs research for caches done on it is Hurley in Iron County. By 1886 thousands of men were on the Gogebic Range, cutting timber, and digging iron ore from small open pits. Hurley soon sheltered 7,000 residents and hundreds of transient lumberjacks and miners. By 1900 most of this activity had vanished.

However, Hurley was later a rendezvous for booze runners, gunmen and criminals. In 1924, during prohibition days there were 41 "soft drink" parlors; in 1938, 80 of its 115 business establishments were taverns, which so solidly lined six blocks of Silver Street that it was difficult to buy a meal. In gambling dens, where silver dollars served as chips, operators often sat behind 30 or 40 stacks of "cartwheels" piled a foot high.

It was said "two of the toughest places in the world are Hurley and Hell." The lifestyle of these two time eras would indicate that caches of valuables were made by different people.

3) Notorious in Durand's (in Pepin County) early history were the brothers, Ed and Lon Williams, outlaws and horse thieves. In 1881 they killed the deputy sheriff of Pepin County in a gun fight and during the remainder of that year turned up occasionally in Wisconsin and neighboring states, always as principal actors in dramas of gunplay and robbery. Ed was finally caught in Nebraska and returned to Durand to stand trial; but vigilantes took him from the custody of the law and hanged him from an oak tree on the courthouse lawn. Lon was never seen after 1885.

If nothing more, it would be interesting to research the lives of these little known outlaws. It is believed the brothers made several caches in Pepin County.

4) For the interested treasure diver, an area worth investigating is the half-mile strait between Washington Island and the Door Peninsula, in Door County, known as Porte Des Morts (Death's Door).

Indian canoeists dreaded this passage, and the French, who came after Nicolet's voyage in 1634, learned to share their fear. It is believed that Robert La Salle's *Griffon*, first sailing vessel on the Great Lakes, was wrecked here in 1679, while carrying furs from Washington Island to a post just above Niagara Falls. In one year, 1871, almost 100 vessels were

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Alaska

For those interested, the following site should pay off. Iditarod is an abandoned townsite isolated by swamps and empty spaces. It boomed as a gold town from 1910 to 1922. The gold was found in the form of placers.

According to official reports, Iditarod placer mining produced gold valued at $18,473,433 in the years from 1910 to 1922. All of this gold came from placer diggings. Gold operations finally ceased in 1942 when the government closed all gold mines during World War II. The town itself had already died. So there is placer gold still in the Iditarod area.

The abandoned town is located on the Iditarod River, between the Yukon and the Kuskokwim rivers. The townsite itself contained a telephone company, two newspapers, a drugstore, nine saloons, three lumberyards, and four hotels, so the potential for relic hunting and coinshooting is great.

The town suffered through many fires and some of the buildings left standing were moved to the nearby town of Flat and the remaining buildings are reported to be privately owned.

*****

A site which could be interesting to relic hunters is Sitka Battlefield in Sitka County. It was here, in 1804, that 1,000 Russians fought 2,000 Tlingit Indians. The Indians were beaten in the battle and later fire destroyed the Russian settlement.

*****

There have been dozens of accounts of the journey of Sir Francis Drake and what happened to the tons of silver he had aboard the ship, *Golden Hind*. Most people assume that a large part of this vast treasure was buried in what is now California. However, recent researchers now believe Drake may have cached part of the silver at Devil's Cove, on the east side of the Alaska Peninsula. See the accounts, *New Light on Drake* by Zelia Nuttall, and *The World Encompassed* by Sir Francis Drake (nephew of the original Drake) and Nicholas Bourne. If nothing more, these accounts of one of the world's greatest mariners are interesting.

*****

For prospectors, it is estimated by knowledgeable geologists that 50% of the gold in Alaska still remains in the remote areas and tributaries of the major rivers. A large part of this gold can still be retrieved by sluicing, dredging, and panning.

For those interested in searching for platinum, the area of Goodnews Bay would be a good place to start.

Sources:

The Alaska Gold Rush - David B. Whartan

Pioneer Days in Alaska - George Pilz

The State of Alaska - Ernest Gruening

State of Alaska, Department of Natural Resources, Anchorage, Alaska

Office of History and Archaeology, Anchorage, Alaska LT

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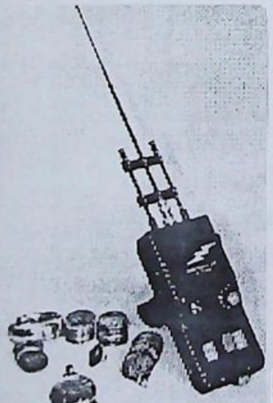

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mouth of Wrangell Narrows. Turning half-way around, he sighted on some distant mountain peaks; below the point was Crescent Lake.

The Indian had originally told Charlie how to get to the place where the gold was found. His directions were, "Go up to the Bay of Death (as the Indians called Thomas Bay). Travel up right side of Patterson River about eight miles and turn up toward the high country. Go a mile and a half to Halfmoon Lake (Crescent Lake). Plenty gold there."

Thomas Bay was called the Bay of Death by the Indians because several years earlier a huge landslide had wiped out a native village of 500 inhabitants. Thomas Bay is northwesterly about 50 miles from Wrangell. The bay is somewhat circular and about ten miles in length. On the southeast side is a broad bight, a curve in the shoreline, extending eastward to the moraine of Patterson Glacier. The Patterson River, formed by melting ice from the glacier, flows through the moraine and empties into Thomas Bay.

Charlie returned to Wrangell after finding the correct place, showed the rich ore samples to his partners, told the story of the ledge, then without any explanation, left for the United States and never returned to Alaska.

Several hunters, in the quest for the gold quartz have (so the story goes) gone crazy from their contact with the Kooshdakas and left the country, never to return, or to be heard from, again.

It would be interesting to investigate this site and learn what the "hairy creatures" were.

*****

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Alaska

In 1890, two men stole an iron box which contained $13,000 in gold nuggets and dust from a locked stateroom on a river streamer. They had posed as passengers so they could get aboard. When the boat reached the area a little west of Tanana on the Yukon River, where the Tanana River joins the Yukon, the men tied a life preserver to the iron box and, using a rope, lowered it into the water. Going on for several miles, to divert suspicion, the men left the boat and returned to get the chest. Imagine their surprise when they were unable to find it. The men were captured later, and sentenced to prison terms. This is a good site for a scuba diver to investigate.

*****

Several years before the Klondike gold rush in 1896-1898, prospectors were already in Alaska. One such prospector was Arthur Harpur. The information on his placer mine is taken from Leroy N. McQuesten's "Recollections of Leroy N. McQuesten of Life in the Yukon, 1871-1885."

"At David Camp we met the St. Michael returning — she had been to Fort Reliance. They expected to make a big haul of furs, they did not get but very few and Captain Anderson was so disgusted with the Indians that he took his windows and stove out of his home and abandoned the station. Mr. Bates was aboard the St. Michael and him and Harpur had made arrangements to go cross country to the Tanana River from David Camp.

"They engaged two Indians to carry their provisions and started. Mr. Bates had sprained his ankle a few days before and he was quite lame, still he would not give up the trip. It was very hard for him to keep up with the party for the first two days. In fording the North Fork of Forty Mile River, Mr. Bates got washed off his feet and came very nigh getting drowned.

"While he was drying his clothes Harpur thought he would do some prospecting. Mr. Bates saved the samples and took them to San Francisco and had them assayed and they went some $20,000 to the ton. Harpur went up in the winter time to look after it but he did not find the place or the gravel as all had been carried away by the ice. They went to the Tanana River where they found some Indians and they made a moose skin boat and proceeded on their way."

Several searches have been made for this lost placer of Alaska's North Fork of the Forty Mile River but it has not been found.

*****

Because of its isolation, Alaska has the largest number of missing airplanes of any of the fifty states. More than 1,000 private and 180 military aircraft are known to have crashed since World War II. A large number of these could be found by studying records and flight plans. The relics would pay a treasure hunter to investigate these little-known sites.

*****

This story concerns a legend of hairy creatures the Indians called Kooshdakas, who scared early treasure hunters away from the area of Crescent Lake on Thomas Bay.

Supposedly around 1900, an Indian showed to a white man named Charlie Stone, a chunk of gold quartz he said he found in the area. Charlie and some friends made several attempts to find the ore deposit but were supposedly chased away each time by the "hairy creatures" inhabiting the area.

On one such trip Charlie was alone and claimed to have found the correct place and picked out landmarks to guide him back to the spot. He picked out the largest tree, one about 40 feet to the right of the gold-bearing ledge. Over the top of the tree he could see Frederick Sound, Cape of Strait Ligh, and Point Vanderput at the mouth of Thomas Bay. To the left he saw the Sukio Islands and the

continued on page 53

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For More Data, Circle 78

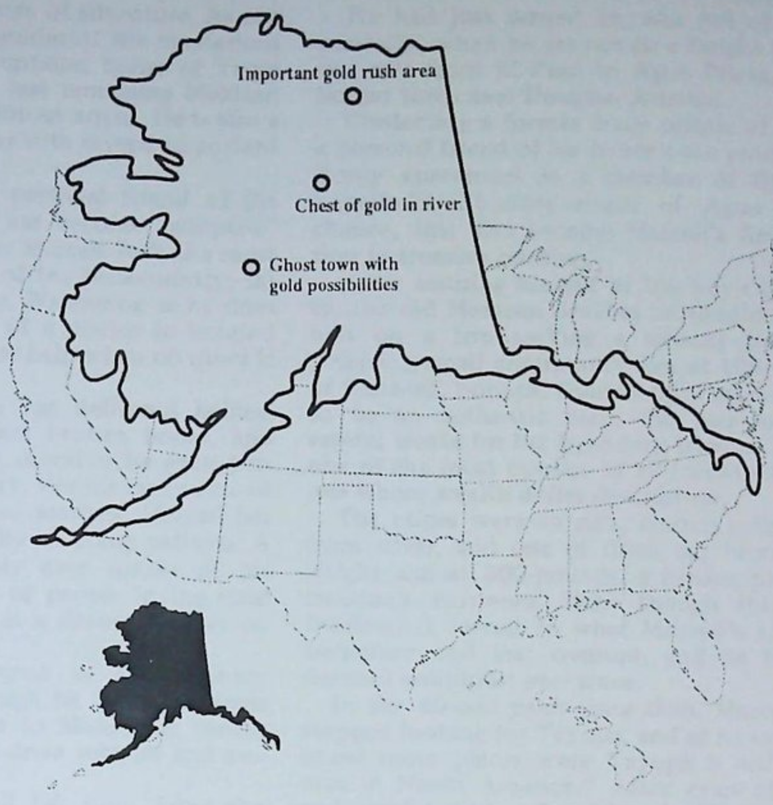
An overlooked site for relic hunters of World War II items is the Aleutian Islands. This area, the site of bloody military battles between the U.S. and Japanese, often yields interesting finds; in fact, the islands are literal junkyards of treasure. Thousands of Japanese died in several days of fighting on the island of Attu during the war, as did a few hundred Americans.

Besides the war relics, there are probably caves, foxholes, and underbrush which hold the skeletons of soldiers from both sides who died during World War II.

*****

For those who enjoy researching old records for treasure, one of the best areas in Alaska is Ft. Yukon. There are dozens of stories of treasure being buried in some manner by miners in this oldest English-speaking settlement in Alaska. At one time the town, which was founded in 1847, was probably the heaviest used area during the gold rush, 1896-1898.

*****



North to... ! — Alaska!

By Michael Paul Henson

EL PASO, Texas—For most of his 56 years, Vic Marcell has lived on the edge of adventure. As one of the most sought after guides of the mysterious Mexican Sierra Madre mountains, home of Yaqui Indians and some of the last remaining Mexican grizzly bears, Marcell is without equal. He is also a professional treasure hunter with several important finds to his credit.

Even though he is the personal friend of the president of Mexico, and has become "adopted" by various Mexican villages, Marcell feels the most at home in the wilderness of the backcountry, far from roads and civilization. Wandering as he does he has become something of a doctor to isolated villagers who look to him for help when no other is available.

In the past decade he has delivered babies, removed abcessed teeth, set broken bones, and sewn up wounds. On one occasion he even performed a little minor surgery. For his many acts of charity and amateur medical services, Marcell has been dubbed "The Eagle," by his many patients. A modest man, Marcell rarely ever speaks of his efforts to improve the life of people in the rural regions of Mexico, but he is a tireless worker on their behalf.

He is certainly the reverse of the ordinary American tourist, even though he takes hundreds of civilians on expeditions to Mexico in motor homes, campers, four-wheel-drive vehicles and motorcycles each year.

A self-made man, Marcell has been living the kind of cliff hanging adventures that legends are made of, since he was five-years-old. He had barely reached that age when his father decided to take a trip from Houston, Texas to Vancouver, B.C. in a Model T house car they had made. On the way, the curious youngster fell into a quicksand trap. Only the quick thinking of the elder Marcell saved him from being swallowed in the thick ooze. Throwing a lasso around his son's shoulders, Marcell tied the other end to the rear axle of the Ford and yanked him free.

Marcell has always managed to do things a bit differently from everyone else, and even the place he was born was unexpected. As he explains it: "I was supposed to have been born in Iberia Parish, Louisiana, but instead, while my mother was visiting friends, I was born in York, Nebraska." His dad wasn't on hand for the event, something the doctor was a bit upset about. In later years, Doctor Marcell gave up the practice of regular medicine for the pursuit of cures through natural means.

A little of this talent must have rubbed off on his son, since Marcell by chance, rather than design, has been following the practice of natural medicine all his life.

His introduction to Mexico came through his father's professional association with Pancho Villa, the Mexican revolutionary, as the general's personal physician during the Mexican leader's early years of struggle. After listening for years at his father's knee of the adventures he had enjoyed with Villa, it was only natural young Victor would want to see for himself what was south of the border.

He had just turned 15, was full of youth and curiosity, when he set out on a freight train to ride the rails from El Paso to Agua Prieta, a Mexican border town near Douglas, Arizona.

Contacting a former army officer of Villa's, and a personal friend of his father's the youth was soon firmly ensconced as a member of the veteran's household, 30-miles south of Agua Prieta. By chance, this also became Marcell's first introduction to treasure hunting.

After assuring himself of the boy's basic honesty, the old Mexican decided he should accompany him on a trip seeking a missing treasure near Arizpe, a small community almost 100-miles south of Cananea, Sonora. Guided by what was reported to be an authentic map, the pair searched for several weeks for the legendary treasure of Tayopa, one of the most famous of all lost Mexican mines, one whose wealth defies description.

The mines were so rich, church bells were cast from silver, and one of them has been found. It weighs almost 300-pounds, a further proof of the treasure's existence. Even though this trip was fruitless, it served to whet Marcell's appetite for adventure and lost treasure, and he has been a devoted enthusiast ever since.

In the 40-odd years since then, Marcell has not stopped looking for Tayopa, and as he says now, "I know more places were Tayopa is *not* than any man in North America." After years of searching and careful study of archives in Mexico City and elsewhere, Marcell feels he is very close to finding the lost treasure.

He feels certain that by the process of elimination, he will eventually discover the mine and its riches. Until then, he intends to keep on looking for adventure as well as treasure in the rugged Sierra Madre.

During his first visit to Mexico, his father's friend taught him about optical calcite and how to grade it. Marcell learned his lessons well. He is now one of the very few recognized graders of optical calcite in the nation. Even though this particular achievement has real merit, Marcell tends to discount it.

"Being an expert optical calcite grader is like being a major in the Salvation Army," he grins.

When the time came to return home, Marcell eschewed train travel, and taking $40, he set out to walk the entire distance from Agua Prieta to El Paso. Walking along the border, Marcell stopped at little villages along the way where he was given food and shelter. Since he was on the Mexican side, all his offers of payment were refused.

"It would have been an insult to accept money from me," he explained. As a result, he returned home with most of the money he started with. The trip had taken four months, and during his self-imposed odyssey, Marcell thoroughly learned to love and respect the Mexican people. He hasn't yet changed his opinion.

In the years that followed, Marcell tried a number of occupations to keep himself eating. For

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VIC MARCELL -- his name is adventure

TREASURE HUNTER—Vic Marcell, one of the greatest living authorities on the history of Tayopa, the fabulous lost Mexican silver mines, lives on the edge of adventure all the time.
Frank Taylor Photo

WESTERN TREASURES

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THE GHOSTS OF CAYO PELAU ★ MONTEZUMA'S UTAH GOLD
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N TEXAS ★ KLONDIKE OF THE OZARKS ★ MURDERED MAN'S GOLD
THE LOST PLATINUM CACHE ★ GEOCHEMICAL PROSPECTING
EBUNKING THE LOST DUTCH OVEN MINE ★ $35,000 IN SPECIE!

THE GHOST OF CAYO PELAU

BY HERB GOLDBERGER

Photos Courtesy Author

MAYBE it is the Florida Yeti, the skunk/ape-like creature that roams from one mangrove island to another. Or perhaps it's just the wind howling through the tall palmetto grass. Whatever it is—Cayo Pelau is shrouded by a mysterious atmosphere which haunts every adventurer, treasure seeker or fisherman who treks upon the one-time pirate island.

Some even say Cayo Pelau (Spanish for "barren" or "deserted") lying three miles inside Charlotte harbor from Boca Grande on Gasparilla Island, is cursed. Others say it is haunted and bewitched. No one seems to know the reason, but every individual who has stepped upon the island has been confronted by a twist of fate.

Could the ghost of the pirate Gasparilla be protecting a hoard of buried treasure in some remote location? Or could it be the ghosts of the helpless women and children the famous pirate slaughtered and threw into the sea? Captured prisoners, as well as his own men, were often killed and thrown to the sharks.

José Gasper, who later changed his name to Gasparilla, made this area his headquarters between forays on the Gulf and along the Spanish Main.

He established a base on Cayo Pelau, gathered a band of cutthroats, and placed them in a village on the southern end known as Low Town. There the most vicious of his crew could carouse to their hearts' content and not bother him with their constant yells and drunken brawls.

The village itself consisted of several dozen shacks built on both sides of a shell road that connected piers built on both sides of the island. The pier on the west side was where the fishing boats were moored, while the pirate ships were kept tied up at the large pier on the east side.

Gasparilla and his top officers lived in Casa Primera, now Boca Grande, and known then as High Town.

IT HAS been recorded that in the eleven years as a pirate in Florida waters, Gasparilla captured, burned, and sank thirty-six ships, confiscating millions of of dollars in treasure in the process.

He continued to war upon Spanish shipping for another twenty-six years and the total of prizes and human life was enormous. His band of buccaneers was broken up in 1822 when Gasparilla gave chase to what appeared to be a large British merchantmen. When overtaken, the ship lowered the English flag, ran up the Stars and Stripes and uncovered a masked battery.

With his ship riddled, Gasparilla wrapped an anchor chain about his waist and jumped into the sea. Most of his crew were drowned or captured and hanged. A few who had been on shore saw the skirmish and made their escape.

There is also the possibility that the ghost or apparition on Cayo Pelau is that of the Florida Yeti, "cousin" to the legendary Bigfoot or Abominable Snowman. A hairy ape-like creature peering from behind a tree or bush could create an eerie atmosphere to mortal man!

The creature, whose color ranges from brown to black, can easily amble from one island to another in ankle deep water during low tide. He is very large, has a stubby neck, a muzzly mouth, a barrel chest, a near pointed head, and reportedly has been sighted on the west coast of

(Continued on page 45)

Above: The haunted island, Cayo Pelau. Below: Pirate markings are a sign of the past.

The Ghost of Cayo Pelau

(Continued from page 15)

Florida. In fact, on a recent trip to the haunted island, one treasure seeker remarked, "I had a strange feeling I was being watched."

After hearing of his experiences, I have to agree with him!

"THE two times I have been on Cayo Pelau," he said, "I have had nothing but trouble. The first time I set foot on the island, I had a very weird sensation—partially due to the fact that such bloodthirsty pirates had lived and died there. The day was sunny and the water very calm until I got within a few miles of the site. Then the sea started to kick up and I almost lost my metal detector overboard. The return trip was twice as bad. I swore that if I ever made it back to the docks I would never leave dry ground again.

"A few months later, still with the idea that there was an opportunity to find an old chest or some of Gasparilla's loot, I tried again. The water was calm and I had no trouble getting to the island. It was a hot day, and I was rather bushed from the trip. I set up my camping gear on top of an old Indian mound and relaxed on the ground, gazing through the trees at the gulls and enjoying the cool breeze. It was quite peaceful, at that moment—hard to imagine that 150 years ago the island was alive to the sounds of pirates engaged in drunken brawls, as well as shootings and hangings.

"During the afternoon, I decided to use my detector but it wouldn't adjust properly. It had worked fine in my backyard; however, on Cayo Pelau it wouldn't stabilize or adjust to the 'null' position. I decided to use another detector which is a professional model and one of the best on the market.

"I have had this instrument for a couple of years and consider myself an expert with the device. It gave me all kinds of readings, and in one area I traced the pattern of the signal to be in the form of a cannon. Yet I dug for over an hour and still didn't find anything although the strong reading was still there. The depth that I dug was beyond the penetration of the loop, yet the signal was as strong as if I had discovered a battleship.

"It was starting to get dark, so I settled down for the night and tried to sleep. Even with a lantern hanging from a tree, I had an eerie feeling. It was impossible to sleep. Every movement, every noise, terrified me. Maybe it was my mind playing tricks, but I couldn't fall asleep.

"Heading back to the marina the next day, the high winds returned, along with rough seas. The boat was swamped and I almost drowned. As far as I'm concerned, I'll never go back to the island of Cayo Pelau. It's haunted and it's cursed. Someone else can find its treasures."

Today the island, only a stone's throw from civilization, silently waits for another treasure hunter or adventurer to seek his fortune. But as they say, it's a gamble. For only the barren sands on this deserted island, along with the winds whispering through the tall grass, know the secrets of the treasures and of the past. Or, perhaps it's the ghosts who know.

This tree is part of Cayo Pelau's background.

Looting the Freight Haulers

(Continued from page 23)

was engaged in the business of staging and freighting, and the large sums of money I transported from Mexico every trip through Texas, I wonder at the forbearance that restrained them from molesting me. They could have organized a sufficient force at any time and under favorable circumstances they might have captured and plundered my train with impunity.

The only occasion that such an attempt occurred was in 1875, when I was returning from Chihuahua with a valuable lot of freight and $150,000 in silver coin. We had crossed the Rio Grande at Presidio del Norte, after passing through a customs inspection, and my train encamped that night eighteen miles east of the river in a dry and narrow canyon, across which the road passed which was not more than 300 yards in width. Under ordinary circumstances it was not a desirable camping place, but it was the best place I could find and I was not apprehensive of danger.

The usual precautions were observed for our protection by corralling the wagons, and the customary guard was selected to watch over the camp. The mules were grazing on the mountainside toward the west end of the canyon under the watchful care of the corporal and his herders, and before the evening shadows closed around us the noises that had disturbed the silence of the wilderness were hushed and all was quiet except a tinkling bell with the herd that proclaimed our presence. The calm that surrounded us was not interrupted until some time after Henry Vonflie and his men, who were first on guard, had retired. I and Timps, a young American,

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WINTER, 1974
WHOLE NO. 9

SPECIAL FEATURE!

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY:

From the Cradle to the Grave

An EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW taped by EARL C. DRISKILL

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Cover: "The Silent Witness" by Betty Allison — Courtesy Tom Keilman

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THE MOUNTAIN THAT DISA

Three went into the brush . . . only one came out . . . and the mountain that held the gold vanished

By FRANK MASON

Illustrated by Pete Tumlinson

Author's Note: I have found when I am tracking down treasure tales that there is a certain type which gives me an "itchy" feeling. This is especially true if there is any element present which suggests that natural laws took a holiday—people like to believe their eyes; solid objects should stay put.

This story is one of those puzzlers. It won't be of much value to a practical treasure hunter but when I ran across it, there was just enough plausibility in the tale to prevent my discarding it as only legend.

Could a mountain disappear? I don't know—but it is true that there was a shifting of the Indians in that area to the north in 1872. They told of great rumblings that shook the earth and drove them to other lands. If such an upheaval occurred, then that is the clue to another lost treasure.

THE WEST is full of strange legends about lost mines, but there is none stranger than the tale of the mountain that vanished. The story is told in diary form, set down by one of the men who discovered the mountain and its golden cache.

John Hix came to Arizona from St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1871, and worked for a time around Tucson. He was a rather short man, about twenty-five at the time of his arrival in the Territory, and honest and well-liked.

Having been bitten by the gold bug, Hix looked around for a partner and finally chose Lemuel (Jackass) Dodson, an old-timer who had hunted for gold all over Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico. Dodson had discovered several mines, none of which had proved rich enough to warrant his retirement, and at the time he met up with Hix, he was ripe for another adventure. Jackass Dodson was a be-whiskered, brawling giant who stood six-feet-two in his socks and could drink any man under the table.

"Sure I'll go prospectin' with you," Dodson said. "I'll go prospectin' with anybody that's got money enough to buy flour and bacon."

They set out across the San Francisco Wash and along Canyon Diablo toward a strip of country Dodson had in mind. He had prospected around the edges of it, he said, but never had penetrated it more than a few miles due to the scarcity of water.

However, there appeared to be another reason for going that way, as Hix soon discovered. A small tribe of Indians lived about forty miles from Flagstaff and this settlement proved to be Dodson's immediate goal.

His interest centered in an Indian girl whom he had met on previous trips into that land. She was called Shining Flower, or its equivalent in the native tongue, and Dodson said she could lead them to the spot where, according to the Indians, gold could be found in all the dry stream beds, some of it in nugget form as large as a man's thumb.

"They say it's bad luck to take a squaw prospectin' with you," Dodson told Hix, "but this is one time I'm not goin' to pay any attention to such superstition." The girl was not bad looking, Hix recorded in his diary, and she was affectionate. "It is a relief to have her along," he wrote. "She does the work around camp and otherwise makes herself useful."

AFTER FIVE DAYS of travel they arrived at the fringe of the area in which gold nuggets were said to be lying in dry stream beds. Shining Flower pointed southwest to a mountain in the distance. It was there, she said, that they would find their gold.

"I can understand how that could be," Dodson said. "That country's hard to get to because there's no water between here and there."

Leaving some of their heavier equipment behind, the adventurers filled their water containers and set out. They traveled two whole days and part of another to reach the foot of the mountain. They had enough water to last a week, they estimated, and Dodson said he would go back for another supply after that. The burros could go several days without water, which would give them plenty of leeway.

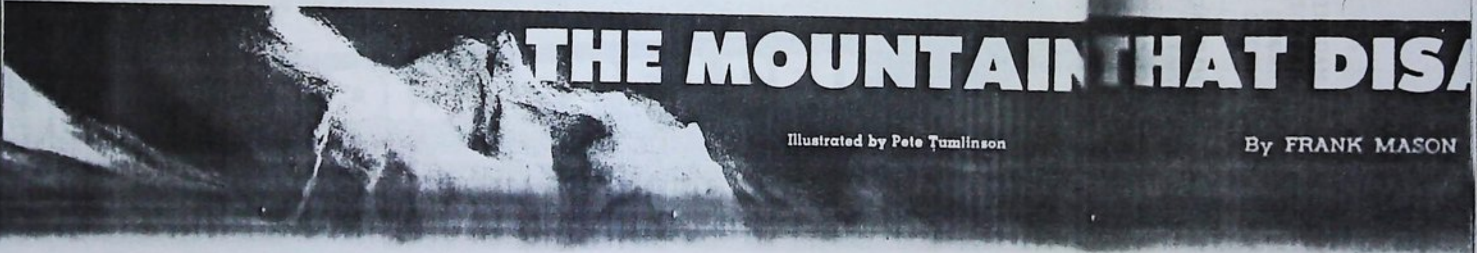
They began at once to scan the stream beds, dry these many months. The arroyos were filled to overflowing when rain came to the desert, but the run-off was rapid and seldom did the water remain longer than a few hours.

Hix was the first to find a nugget, but it was not in a stream bed; he picked it up far up the mountain, which towered more than a thousand feet above them. The nugget was half the size of his hand, he recorded, and was shot through with quartz. If this was the same one he later exhibited, it was indeed a beauty.

But this discovery was only a starter. That same afternoon Hix picked up seventeen other nuggets, all much smaller than the first. There was no indication of their source, unless they had come down from the top of the mountain. The next day he and Jackass climbed to the top of the peak, but they found no vein.

While they were away, they heard a scream from the direction of camp and upon returning found Shining Flower hysterical. She said she had seen something in the desert which she had thought to be a man, and that later she saw it again near camp. "He had long whiskers and hair down his back," she said in describing the intruder. "When he saw that I was looking at him, he turned and ran into the brush."

So excited by the gold he and Hix had found that he could think of nothing else, Dodson gave little credence to her story. Hix, too, was so anxious to discover the source of the gold that he brushed the thing aside. He knew that no one could possibly live in that country



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So excited by the gold he and Hix had found that he could think of nothing else, Dodson gave little credence to her story. Hix, too, was so anxious to discover the source of the gold that he brushed the thing aside. He knew that no one could possibly live in that country without water. There might be a few coyotes, which were able to travel miles at night to waterholes, but certainly no human being could stay there long without an adequate water supply.

That night they heard a strange and mournful sound from the hillside above camp. At first Dodson thought it was a wolf, then he changed his mind. "No, it's not a lobo," he told Hix. "And it ain't a panther either. I can't quite make out what it is."

THE NEXT DAY Shining Flower, fearful of remaining in camp, accompanied the men to the mountain. Among the three of them they found thirty-two nuggets, but the vein from which all this gold apparently had come continued to elude them. Toward the summit the nuggets grew smaller and at the top there was no sign of gold. The absence of any outcropping puzzled Dodson, who was an experienced desert miner.

He finally came to the conclusion that at some time in the long ago an earthquake had shaken the country, and the mountain, then much higher than now, had crumbled, destroying the vein, which had been broken up and distributed over an area of more than two square miles. The gold had since settled into the stream beds after rains had carried it down the hillsides.

"We haven't got any vein," he explained to Hix, "but there's plenty o' gold in these dry washes. All we have to do is scratch 'em out and we'll have plenty of the heavier stuff. Why, I've picked up a couple of thousand dollars in two days."

They returned to camp that evening to find everything as they had left it.

"That shows you were just seein' things," Dodson told the Indian girl.

But when darkness came on, the strange sounds they had heard the previous night returned. This time they were more weird than ever.

"It is an Indian spirit," Shining Flower said at last.

Dodson laughed at her. "It is nothin' but an animal of some sort with an injured throat. I admit I've never heard anything like it before in the desert, but it has an animal sound to it. No human bein' of this earth or elsewhere could make a noise like that."

They all went to sleep. The next morning, when they awakened, their burros were not in sight. Dodson got up to look for them and then made the startling discovery that their water bags were empty.

They discovered the tracks of the burros leading northward.

"There's no use in all of us trampin' across that desert without water," Dodson said. "You two stay here and I'll come back with water somehow. Right now I want to overtake them burros before they get too much of a head start."

Dodson took the rifle with him. Hix and Shining Flower had no need for weapons, for there was no disturbance that night. The next day Hix hunted for more nuggets in spite of the water shortage, and by nightfall had collected a pile of them. He had found the gullies half-way up the mountain the most productive, and concentrated his efforts there.

The second day saw the pile of nuggets

(Continued on page 70)

AIN THAT DISAPPEARED

By FRANK MASON

inson

The Mountain that Disappeared

(Continued from page 69)

mounting, but by the third day the water supply was exhausted and he curtailed his activities. Dodson did not show up.

On the eighth day they could stand it no longer and struck out on Dodson's trail, which they had no difficulty following. When the dawn of the following morning came, both were in a bad way. Shining Flower was so weak she stumbled, and Hix had to help her along. By mid-afternoon he was carrying her, and growing weaker himself with every passing hour. They spent the night in a dry ravine and Hix imagined he could hear a waterfall.

He could still hear it when dawn broke, and Shining Flower urged him to leave her there and go on. The bag of nuggets he had brought along, and which had added to their difficulties of travel, was cached under a rock, and he walked in the direction from which he imagined the sound of falling water came. But no matter how far he walked toward it, it was always just a little way ahead; and he came to realize at last that it was all in his imagination. He tried to go back and became hopelessly lost, wandering all night in the moonlight.

WHEN MORNING came, he could recognize no familiar landmark. He knew, however, that to reach water he would have to travel north, so he set his course by the sun and walked all day. That night, his tongue swollen so that he could hardly swallow, he managed to rest. He started at dawn again, determined to cheat death, which was close on his heels.

In late afternoon he stumbled out of the mesquite and saw the waterhole where he and Dodson had filled their skin containers. He records that he ran to it and soaked his head, for his tongue was too swollen for him to take water into his mouth.

For hours he lay there, and finally the fever that had come over him passed. He consumed water over a period of time and finally was able to sit up and think clearly. There was no sign of Dodson. In fact there was no sign of anyone's having been at the waterhole since they had left it, which was puzzling.

Having nothing in which to carry water, he dared not go back lest he die from thirst—so he set out on the trail to the Indian village and reached the camp two days later. After he had feasted on deer meat, five Indians with ponies and burros struck out with him on the back trail.

On the fourth day of travel they came upon Dodson's body near a dry wash. Beside the dead man lay his rifle and in his back were two bullet holes. He appeared to have been dead about a week.

For almost a week the Indians, aided by Hix, ranged through the desert hunting for Shining Flower, but they found no trace of her. Time after time Hix tried to lead them to the spot, but to no

(Continued on page 72)

GOLD! BACK ISSUES

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Still solid timbers from the old sailing v
crusted pieces of a printing press, hands
ship appear in the p

The Mountain that Disappeared

(Continued from page 70)

avail. One puzzling aspect of his efforts to relocate himself was the fact that he could see no mountain in the distance. He decided at last that he was not in the right area, although several times he had come across his own tracks.

In a final effort to locate the mountain, from which he thought he would be able to track himself to the spot where he had left the girl, the entire party ranged across country until they picked up the burro tracks going south. They followed them for about eight miles.

Finally Hix recognized a ravine through which they had passed. "The campsite is just a little way ahead," he said. "It's not over two miles. But I don't see the mountain."

For the better part of three more days, until their water ran out, the party hunted for the spot where Hix had left Shining Flower, but failed to find it or the sack of gold nuggets. The Indian girl was never seen again.

However, a few weeks later, the local sheriff came to the conclusion that the slashing of the water bags and the theft of the burros had been the work of a half-breed Indian whose attentions were unwelcome to Shining Flower.

There was never any proof of this. The half-breed claimed to have been away after cattle the week of the murder; but he was alone and had no proof other than that he had brought home several head of steers.

There was never any explanation of the man Shining Flower claimed to have seen near camp, other than the sheriff's theory. He believed she had seen the half-breed loitering near and had concocted the story to have an excuse for going with the men when they went to look for gold. The weird sounds that had been heard near camp at night could have made by the half-breed, seeking to stampede the prospectors so that he could ambush them in the desert.

Everything about the prospecting trip baffled Hix. Not only had both his companions perished, but the country itself was unrecognizable. Every landmark was gone except the tree on which he had hung the water bags. Where ravines had been before, the ground was level as a table. The whole thing was more than bewildering—it was awesome—and Hix had no stomach to explore further.

The "golden mountain" had disappeared.

Buried 110 Years

(Continued from page 71)

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I hope to return to Padre in the near future. I have been told of a place on the island where a vacationing family discovered what might be a complete ship. They uncovered some long boards like the deck of an old sailing vessel. I hope it doesn't shift until I've had a chance to find it and see what it holds. If you should decide to visit Padre, look high on the sand dunes—I may be on top of one digging like a mole!

Geochemical Prospecting

(Continued from page 35)

sample can be numbered and the number identified in a notebook, written at the sample site. Some method must designate where the sample was taken so that you can return to the exact spot for follow-up work if the tests are favorable. Measuring from fairly permanent local features is necessary; the means of identification depends upon the local conditions.

Soil samples can be taken anytime, but it is easiest when the soil is dry and easily sifted. In wet weather, a larger sample can be taken as is, brought to base camp and dried, and then sifted. Some authorities recommend sifting with a 200 mesh screen, which is much finer than a kitchen sifter. The main objective though, is to get an average sample of dry, black topsoil, without pine needles, bugs, pebbles, animal droppings, or the many things that may be on the ground.

The ideal geochemical prospecting tool would be a large motor home with AA equipment installed, so that the prospector could return after each expedition and test samples. His next trip would be based on the results of those tests, and this sequence would be followed to get closer and closer to the object of his search. Few prospectors can do this however, but will prefer to have their samples tested by specialists.

Another possibility is that a group of prospectors could form a company and support their own AA lab. As AA equipment becomes used more, and the demand for trace analysis increases, such labs may become as common as assay offices. At present, the few labs doing AA analysis require a discouraging time delay, particularly in the season when prospectors are most active.

A testing laboratory will burn the sample and take five or ten grams of the ash to test for the elements specified in the order. They will report back in parts per million (ppm) or parts per billion (ppb). This is on a weight basis, and for a reference, if an ounce of gold were present in one ton of soil, that would be 35 ppm gold. Anomalous values of .6 ppm (or 600 ppb) are typical of soil over workable deposits of gold, but the value of a deposit cannot be determined by soil samples alone. Once a gold anomaly has been found, the traditional methods such as core drilling, magnetometer surveys, and electromagnetic detection should be used to pinpoint the vein or deposit.

Even though geochemical testing with AA equipment is expensive, ironically it may bring the return of the individual prospector, since the choice of where to sample is largely up to the skill, ingenuity, and intuition of the individual. A person who studies and understands the particular conditions and then wisely selects a few samples will be more effective than one who tries the more systematic brute force approach of blanketing the area with a grid of sample points. The success or failure of geochemical prospecting, as with other prospecting methods, will depend (as always) upon

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worth $750,000! The fossil bones of Peking Man. The author explains how the bones
were lost in 1941--and why scientists still think they will be found--and soon! Have you
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The part-time preacher had a hidden cache of gold--but where did he hide it? The author
offers some clues that might lead to its discovery.

people in various parts of the world who claim to have the bones.

While Janus was in New York in June, 1972, he received a telephone call from a woman who claimed to know something about the fossils. The caller claimed to be the widow of a U.S. Marine who had left her a strange legacy—a box full of old bones.

As he discussed the matter with the woman, she expressed a great fear of being identified, telling the investigator that she had been warned to be careful with the bones because they were worth a fortune, and had been smuggled out of China at great risk.

A meeting was arranged on the observation platform of the Empire State Building, but before Janus could learn any details, the woman fled when she saw tourists taking pictures in her direction. Janus was upset because he couldn't follow her, but a short time later, after advertising, the woman called again, and once more offered to show Janus pictures of the bones.

This time she mailed Janus a copy of the photograph, and he quickly took it to an expert on such subjects for evaluation. The scientist, Dr. Henry L. Shapiro, is a Columbia University anthropology professor and former anthropology chairman at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

The picture was very poor, but Dr. Shapiro found it extremely interesting. The skull, from what he could tell, appeared to have the shape of the Peking Man's bone structure. Negotiations then proceeded quickly until a price tag of $500,000 was placed on the bones. Next, Janus received a telephone call from a man who claimed to be the woman's lawyer. The man asked for assurances that the woman would not be prosecuted if she revealed her identity and sold the fossils.

Through the U.S. State Department, the investigator was able to obtain, in writing, assurances, since the statute of limitations had expired. The letter also made clear, however, the government would not pay any reward for the return of the relics. Instead it urged the woman to turn the bones in as a patriotic duty. The end result of which would be to return them to the People's Republic of China.

PEKING BONES—A woman claims these bones were left to her by her late husband, a Marine who served in China. Janus thinks they could be the lost fossils of Peking Man. If so, the woman will claim the $750,000 reward. If not, the hunt will continue.

Next the "attorney" asked Janus to give him assurances the fossils would not be confiscated if the owner came forward and tried to negotiate a sale of them. Janus then tried to get these assurances and is awaiting the outcome.

If the woman's relics prove to be the long-lost Peking bones, then Janus has no fears of being able to raise the necessary cash to buy them. He feels that a number of wealthy American foundations would contribute to the fund. But the problem is not quite so cut-and-dried. Janus actually has two offers of fossils.

The second offer comes from a mysterious person or persons in Nationalist China who claim to be high in government circles. The bones, according to this source, were taken to Taiwan by a person fleeing the takeover of the Communists on the mainland in 1949.

The price on this set of bones is $750,000—a jump of a quarter of a million dollars over those offered by the American lady, but Janus is ready to investigate anyway—just in case. At this point, the researcher told reporters, "I am not willing to pass up a single chance of finding the bones of Peking Man."

In his studies of the bones' disappearance Janus has located a number of former Marines who knew something about the bones in pre-war China. According to his interview testimony, some of the bones might actually have reached Camp Holcomb on the outskirts of Chinhuangtao, and were there December 7, 1941 when the Japanese captured the base and sent the prisoners to Tientsin—leaving the bones behind.

One of the men Janus talked with, claims to have been a guard, one of four who were detailed to take a foot-locker(s) by train to Chinhuangtao. The Marine said he and his pals played poker on top of one of the lockers to pass the time away. At no time did he know what he was guarding. All of the men were told, simply, it was something important that must reach the port.

Other researchers besides Janus have tried to find the bones and careful searches of the former Marine bases and route of the bones have been made—all without success.

Nor is Janus the first man to place advertisements for the relics in newspapers. In 1950, less than ten years after they vanished, Dr. J.J. Markley, an American archeological investigator, placed advertisements in Tokyo papers offering $1,000 with no questions asked for information leading to the recovery of the bones—but so far nothing has come of his attempts. Over 1,000 "tips" were received, but all were apparently groundless.

Later, Markley heard that the bones were being used as collateral for short-term loans in Hong Kong, but again, the trail was too cold to follow. Still, Janus is not discouraged. One of his best leads was given to him free.

Dr. William T. Foley, a New York cardiovascular specialist who was a Navy medical officer attached to the Marines in China in 1941, recalled sending some boxes he presumed to contain the fossils to the Swiss Warehouse and Pasteur Institute in Tientsin and the homes of Chinese friends for safekeeping during the war years. While none of these have turned up, Janus thinks a determined search on the spot might uncover them.

After more than 500,000 years, Janus feels it is about time Peking Man had a place to stay permanently—even if it turns out to be behind the Bamboo Curtain.

THESE BONES ARE WORTH.... $750,000!

SOMEWHERE, PERHAPS IN CHINA, OR EVEN IN THE U.S. THESE FOSSIL RELICS ARE BELIEVED TO EXIST. IF FOUND THEY WILL BE WORTH $750,000! HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

By John Ringo Graham

In terms of sheer scientific importance, the fabled bones of Peking Man probably head the list—yet since the start of World War II, the fossils have been lost to the world's scientific community. China, it should be remembered, has been the location of a number of important scientific discoveries, not the least of them being dinosaur eggs dug up by Roy Chapman Andrews.

But none of the past finds ranks with Peking Man. Actually, Peking Man is not one man but several persons, who, according to scientists, lived in China more than 500,000 years ago. The remains of more than 40 different humans—all from the same part of Northern China had been identified when the fossils vanished.

The pieces were found in caves at Choukoutien, near Peking, and created enormous excitement in the scientific world. The skull fragments and bones were being kept at the Cenozoic Research Laboratory of the American-owned Peking Union Medical College, late in 1941, when the immediate threat of imminent U.S.-Japanese hostilities prompted officials to attempt to send the relics to America for safekeeping. This now appears to have been a fatal mistake.

A detachment of U.S. Marines was being evacuated to the Philippines, and the bones were sent along with them. Somewhere between the threatened capital and the port city of Chinhuangtao on the Yellow Sea, however, the bones vanished and no one today knows exactly what happened to them. From reports researchers have been able to collect since the incident took place, the Marines were captured by Japanese soldiers before they could reach Chinhuangtao—along with the precious fossils.

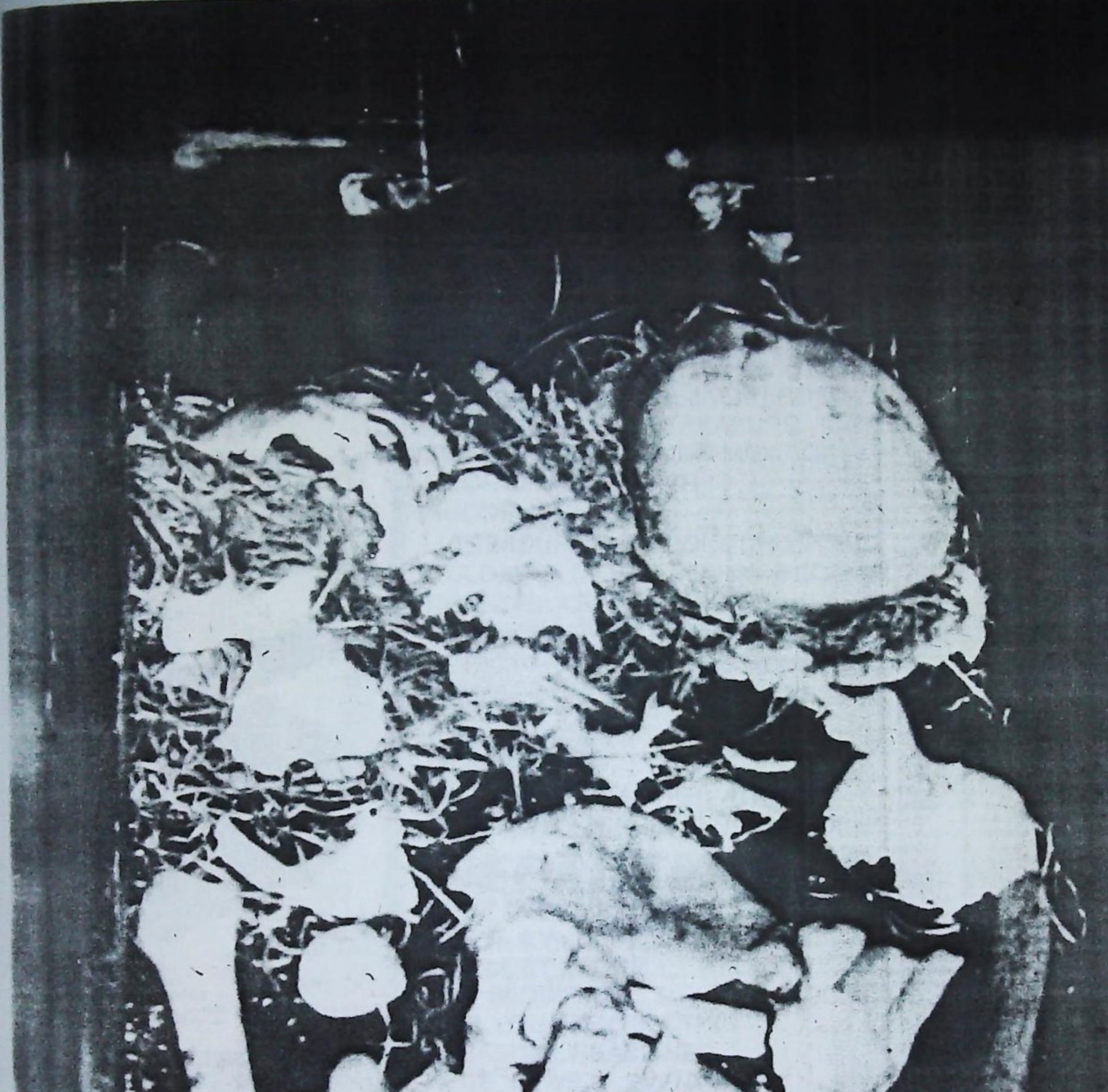
While the men were enroute, the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, and the Marine guards were made prisoners of war, some of the first in the conflict. The Japanese, once they knew what the soldiers had been guarding started a search, but no trace of the bones were found so far as is known. The Americans after WW II also launched investigations into the mystery, but no results worth noting were found.

There were plenty of rumors of course. It was thought for a time that the Japanese had found the bones and tried to ship them to Japan on a small boat which was sunk. No proof of this exists, however. Then another rumor circulated that Chinese peasants who venerate old bones had found them and ground the priceless artifacts into powdered medicine.

While this is a possibility, it seems to have no basis in fact.

Scientists are hoping against hope that the final rumor is the correct one. This legend claims some of the Marines returned from captivity after the war, and located the bones. They were then smuggled out of the U.S. If true, the bones represent a valuable treasure that might still be located somewhere in the U.S.

The strongest evidence at this time points to a possible discovery of the relics by a Chicago investment broker named Christopher G. Janus, 62. For more than 31 years, Janus has been trying to unravel the mystery of what happened to the bones and he still seems to be unable to do so, although he has recently made contact with


MODERN MAN
(HOMO SAPIENS)
PEKING MAN
(SINANTHROPUS PEKINENSIS)

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GOLD AND SILVER MINING ACTIVITY IN CALIFORNIA

GOLD PRODUCTION IN 1972 INCREASED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SIX YEARS

EDITOR'S NOTE: As we all know, gold and silver mining has been in a slump ever since the mine closures during World War II when gold was declared a "non-essential" metal. With the vast increase of gold and silver prices on the world market in recent months, it appears that mining activities in California, the "Golden State," are once again on the upswing. Equipment dealers are reporting unprecedented sales, and the number of operating permits issued by the state to weekend prospectors with suction dredges is increasing by leaps and bounds.

The following report on mining activity will bring you at least partially up to date. Needless to say, with prices soaring in the precious metals market and more and more people prospecting, it is impossible to keep completely abreast except perhaps with a direct teletype line to the Mother Lode. This report is reprinted from California Geology, the publication of the California Division of Mines and Geology, P.O. Box 2980, Sacramento, California 95812. ■

The price of gold reached a high of $126 per troy ounce (American Metal Markets) in July 1973. During the latter half of

ING WAS AS A BY-PRODUCT OF SAND AND GRAVEL PLANTS

GOLD MINES – Activity reported in 1972-1973

COUNTY	MINE	TYPE	GEOLOGY	PAST RECORD	REMARKS
Alpine	Silver Mountain	Lode	Quartz or silicified zone	District produced $200,000	Old, 1800-foot adit; minor exploration and development
	IXL-Lady Franklin	Lode	Silicified breccia vein; silver, copper	$60,000 ±	Exploration work by Carl Munck of Al Tahoe
	Zaca	Lode	Altered, silicified Teritary volcanic rocks	District produced $3 to $5 million	Silver and gold production
Calaveras	Mountain King	Lode	Quartz veins and stringers in mineralized amphibole and greenstone	$1,000,000 ±	Homestake Mining Company; exploration drilling program
	Royal	Lode	Quartz veins in "gray ore" hydrothermally altered and mineralized rock and slate	$5,000,000 ±	Homestake Mining Company; exploration program
Inyo	Cecil R	Lode	Parallel quartz veins	$25,000 +	Universal Mining Company; open-pit mining on 5-foot vein
	Lotus	Lode	Quartz veins in quartzite and limestone	$32,000 +	Keystone Canyon Mining Company; drifting on ore
Mono	Standard, et al	Lode	Silicified zones in Tertiary andesite	$18,000,000	Phelps-Dodge Company, extensive sampling and exploration
	Copper Mountain	Lode	Copper, gold, silver		Explored and drilled by Homestake Mining Company in 1972
	Rex Montis	Lode	Vein in metamorphic roof pendant	$250,000 ±	Exploration under $50,000 OME program, crosscut and drifting
Nevada	Cherokee	Placer (hydraulic)	Tertiary river channel	Several million dollars	San Juan Mining Company making re-evaluation of property
Placer	Pacific	Placer	Placer channel in slate		Only mine with active license from California Debris Commission
COUNTY	MINE	TYPE	GEOLOGY	PAST RECORD	REMARKS

AS A BY-PRODUCT OF TUNGSTEN AND SILVER-LEAD MINING

Although still relatively small, gold production in California during 1972 increased for the first time in 6 years, totaling 3974 troy ounces valued at $232,869. Placer mine production accounted for 2822 troy ounces, 98 percent of which was recovered as a by-product from sand and gravel plants. Eighty-two percent of the lode gold (1152 troy ounces) was recovered as a by-product from tungsten and silver-lead mines.

Encouraged by the spectacular increase in the price of gold, small-scale miners and weekend panners prepared for a vigorous work-year. Equipment dealers reported renewed interest and soaring sales. Public agency mineral information offices were running out of free gold pamphlets and salable gold publications. Operating permits granted for suction dredges far outnumbered those issued previously. A novice gold hunter fell into a shallow of the Middle Fork of the American River and came up clutching an 8-ounce nugget estimated to be worth $3,600 as a collector's item.

INYO COUNTY

Montecito Minerals Company is a current lessee at the Darwin silver-lead mine owned by Anaconda Corporation. The lease covers the Thompson workings

1972 and the first month of 1973 the price had held close to the peak of $70 reached in August 1972.

On 12 February, 1973, the United States devalued the dollar by 10 percent, raising the official price of gold to $42.22. In response to this action the open market price of gold resumed its upward trend. Silver also moved upward. The consumption of gold in the United States during 1972 for jewelry, dentistry, and other industrial uses reached a record total of 7.2 million ounces. Dentists were offered a substitute for gold by a large dental supply house in the form of Dentillium, a ferrochrome alloy which could be purchased for $22 per ounce. It will be interesting to see if this alloy becomes an acceptable substitute for gold.

The sharp increase in the price of gold during the past few years has resulted at least in part from increased public distrust in the value of the dollar owing to the recognition of the enormous size of the public debt. The latter has continued to mount through Federal deficit spending during the past three decades because of the expense of World War II, the restoration of Europe through the Marshall Plan, the Korean War, the Vietnam War and domestic social programs, most of which have been paid for by expanding dollar production without increasing gold reserves. Recent Congressional legislation has advanced a bill permitting the ownership of gold by private citizens. The bill will become effective 1 January 1975.

98 PERCENT OF THE GOLD RECOVERED BY PLACER MIN

COUNTY	MINE	TYPE	GEOLOGY	PAST RECORD	REMARKS
Plumas	Lucky Jack	Lode	Quartz vein		Exploration under $46,000 OME program; cross-cutting to vein and drifting
San Bernardino	Vanderbilt	Lode	Two quartz vein systems in Pre-Paleozoic rocks	$300 000 + (?)	Exploration in oxidized sulfides near surface
San Diego	Pine Valley Group	Lode	Quartz veins, contact of Julian schist and granite	$60 000 +	Minor exploration reported; details unknown
Sierra	Alaska	Lode	Vertical dipping quartz vein between diorite and slate	$1 000 000 ±	Minor quartz production
	Bellevue	Placer	Southwest of Gibsonville		Prospecting
	Deoof Hill	Placer (hydraulic)	Partly cemented La Porte blue gravel		Part-time operation when water is available
	Dreadnaught	Lode	Quartz vein with sulfides	$75 000 ±	Week-end mining
	Gold Crown	Lode	Quartz vein near serpentine, slate contact	$250 000 ±	Giles Brothers sold part interest; cleaning out adit
	Gold Witch	Lode	(?)		Development by V J Tobin Sacramento, operator
	Irelan	Lode	Two easterly dipping quartz veins	$425 000	Exploration reported
	Kate Hardy	Lode	Quartz vein in reverse fault in slate	$700.000	Surface work to reopen mine
	Oriental	Lode	Quartz veins, gabbro-serpentine contact	$3 000 000 ±	Working flat-lying Atta vein in upper workings
	Sixteen to 1	Lode	Quartz vein in hornblende schist		Leased to Walker Brothers
	Telegraph	Placer (and Lode)	Series of bench gravels	$500 000 ± placer	Diamond drilling program
Trinity	Brown Bear	Lode	Steep dipping quartz vein along contact between block plate (hw) and diorite porphyry (fw)	Produced $7 to $10 million	American Primary Resources, Inc., is operator; exploration drilling under a $35,000 OME program; the main adit is open about 2,000 feet; rehabilitation
Tuolumne	Lazar	Lode; pockets	Quarts vein pocket mine; near contacts of granite and Calaveras Formation	$30 000	Minor development by operator, Allen Lewis
	Sugarman	Lode; pockets	Quartz vein pocket mine; near contacts of granite and Calaveras Formation	$7,000,000	Minor development by operator, Allen Lewis

82 PERCENT OF THE LODE GOLD WAS RECOVERED A

covers the Thompson workings

from the 400-level to the surface. Mining began in January 1973 with three miners working one shift per day. Silver, lead, copper, and tungsten ores are hauled from the mine about 1 mile by truck to the Montecito 150 to 200-tons-per day mill, where a bulk concentrate of complex oxidized ores of silver-lead-copper is produced by flotation and shipped to the American Smelting and Refining Company smelter at El Paso, Texas. The primary product is silver. The flotation tails are put over gravity concentration tables where an impure tungsten concentrate is produced. The Montecito mill is equipped to handle complex ores on a custom basis. Montecito Minerals also controls a large tonnage of low-grade silver-lead-zinc-tungsten mill tailings nears their mill.

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The end of an era was marked by the razing in mid-June of the 605-foot smokestack on the site of the 90-year-old Selby lead smelter of the American Smelting and Refining Company at Tidewater near Carquinez Strait. This smelter was established in 1883 by Tom Selby, a San Francisco shotmaker. The first blast furnace which treated half a ton of ore per day was blown-in in 1885. The smelter was periodically expanded and eventually reached a capacity of 20,000 tons of charge per month. It received shipments of ore and concentrates from all over the world and was a prime outlet for the products of mines in the western states.

ones find a pothole where gold has collected for centuries.

One man was demonstrating a portable suction device near Placerville, Calif., the site of the gold rush of 1849. When he stuck the nozzle into a stream in a city park, it became clogged. He found a $1,500 nugget stuck in the nozzle.

The article also tells about Joe Wilcox, a veteran prospector and jewelry maker from Glendale, Ariz. He began panning as a hobby when he was 18 and now it is a full-time occupation.

He recently completed a $14,700 deal with two young Californians. The two men had found 80 ounces of gold in a stream near Placerville.

Wilcox says people can find gold almost anywhere there is a heavy concentration of mineral deposits. He highly recommends the "gold triangle" marked out by Phoenix, Wickenburg and Prescott, Ariz.

In California he recommends the streams and dry stream beds near the 1849 strike, from Grass Valley to Placerville and Nevada City.

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His favorite spot seems to be Rich Hill, about 15 miles from Wickenburg. Gold was found in 1863 in a stream below Rich Hill. An even greater deposit was found atop the hill. In just three months $500,000 worth of gold was taken from one acre of Rich Hill. The amazing thing about the gold was that it was scraped from the rock with knives and other small hand tools.

Wilcox says gold can still be found on Rich Hill despite all the prospecting that's already been done there. Hunting is especially good after a rain storm.

Prospectors must beware of the dangers of their hobby. Rattlesnakes are many during the summer and cave-ins have claimed at least one life.

Wilcox uses a panning system called crevicing. Since gold is so heavy, it settles deep in stream beds and dry washes, clear to the bedrock.

When he finds good bedrock, he looks for a crack, inserts a chisel or screwdriver and smacks it with a hammer.

He places all the rock material into a gold pan and washes it in a nearby stream or water barrel. The flowing water lifts away the lighter rocks and dirt, leaving the heavier black sand and gold.

Gold Dust Cache

According to the Dunsmuir (Calif.) *News*, some stolen gold dust has been hidden near Trinity Mountain in Northern California for more than 100 years.

The story began on March 10, 1856, when a pack mule expressman, Sam Brastow, was leaving Yreka for Shasta. He was carrying $17,000 in gold dust for Rhodes & Whitney express.

He was accompanied by a Yreka merchant named Hickman and two other men. Hickman carried $4,000 in gold dust and the other men carried a few hundred dollars each.

What trail there was for the pack train was rough and the going was slow. They reached the base of Trinity Mountain as the sun was coming up the next morning. They had avoided bad weather, hostile Indians and highway men along the way, and were beginning to relax with thoughts of the food, whiskey and women they could enjoy in Shasta.

Just then they found themselves surrounded by five strangely dressed men with cocked rifles. The five bandits wore red undershirts and red drawers pulled over their clothing. Their heads were covered with red blanket cloth with eye holes cut out.

Brastow reached for his pistols but before he could pull them from his saddle, the bandits got the drop on him.

Four robbers covered the expressmen while the fifth took their weapons and tied their hands. They were then led from the trail and tied to trees.

The robbers took all the gold and then removed the watches and money from their victims. They let the mules loose and prepared to ride off.

Barstow yelled that he would catch them one day, but the bandits just laughed as they made their getaway.

Hickman quickly freed himself and untied his companions. They started up the ridge to the summit. When they reached the top, they heard the bandits approaching. Since they were unarmed, all they could do was hide behind some brush and watch as the bandits rode by, now without their disguises.

The expressmen walked to Shasta as quickly as possible and notified the sheriff. Two days later a posse from Shasta found the spot where the bandits had divided the loot and split up. Unfortunately the trails were lost in the wilderness.

Wanted posters were printed soon offering a reward and giving a good description of the robbers.

One of the bandits was soon recognized in Chico and when followed to his cabin he was observed with some of the stolen gold. When he was finally arrested, he was carrying Hickman's watch.

The captured outlaw, William Carter, was quick to give the identities of his fellow robbers. They were part of the infamous Tom Bell gang that operated in the northern California gold country.

Carter said the bandits had each buried his share of the loot near the head of Clear Creek. The sheriff and Carter found three of the caches — about $14,000.

All the bandits were eventually captured except one. He was apparently killed when the loot was being divided.

Barstow had done his best to keep his pledge. All the bandits were either captured or killed and all but $3,000 of the gold was recovered. His strong will would enable Barstow to become the San Francisco superintendent of Wells Fargo one day.

The story could have an even happier ending for some lucky treasure hunter. The value of that $3,000 in gold has skyrocketed but it still remains hidden after 122 years.

Once infested by pirates and thieves, this swampy island may still contain much of their buried loot

Louisiana's Treasure Island

By Leonard P. Kiedrowski

Illustrated by Eugene Shortridge

The search for lost treasure always boils down to a matter of the exact location of the hidden hoard. From the standpoint of the treasure hunter himself, this is fine. If precise knowledge of these sites had not been lost there would be no treasure tales to intrigue us today.

This is the story of such a treasure site, one where many pirate and robber hoards are virtually known to be buried. It is an inland island roughly 30 miles long and five miles wide at its broadest point. The island is not a faraway spot of geography. It lies in southeastern Louisiana, hard by the Mississippi boundary.

It is Honey Island, created by a split in Pearl River which forms the boundary between Louisiana and Mississippi from the 31st parallel of latitude to the Gulf of Mexico.

Pearl River forks about 10 miles west of Picayune, Mississippi. From this point, West Pearl River ambles on down to the Gulf, leaving between the two streams a dense, swampy lowland that is crisscrossed by bayous and forms a subtropical paradise of virgin timber and wildlife—Honey Island.

It was not clear in the beginning which fork of the Pearl River constituted the Louisiana-Mississippi boundary. Both states claimed Honey

It was said that Murrell never allowed more than one man to accompany him when he journeyed to Honey Island for a helping of the loot he had buried there.

Island. This controversy resulted in the island's becoming a lawless no-man's-land, overrun by pirates, murderers and plain thieves.

History records Honey Island as a pirates' den. Pierre Rameau, John Murrell and James Copeland are among those mentioned as having frequented the strip of wild and lonely wilderness. The reign of lawlessness was not ended until the two states and the Federal Government together solved the problem of jurisdiction. The east fork of the Pearl River was designated as the boundary, leaving Honey Island to Louisiana.

No one can possibly estimate the total worth of treasure buried on Honey Island. We might begin our discussion of this interesting bit of geography with Pierre Rameau (Kirk McCollough), renegade son of a Scottish minister. This pirate and murderer accumulated so much wealth during his time that he built a warehouse on Honey Island to store it.

Under the alias of "Colonel Loring," Rameau built one of the finest homes in New Orleans and passed himself off as a wealthy mine owner from Mexico. He sent fast pirate ships to sea and assembled a dedicated gang of brigands with fast horses for robbery on land.

One of Rameau's escapades involved the robbing of a wealthy man by the name of Vasseur, who lived in a spacious home in Bay St. Louis, on the Mississippi coast. Because his victim protested too much, Rameau and his henchmen tied Vasseur to a chair, set fire to the house and left him to his fate. Vasseur's loyal slaves braved the flames to drag him to safety.

Because of the absence of law enforcement on the disputed island, Rameau reigned for years as "King of Honey Island."

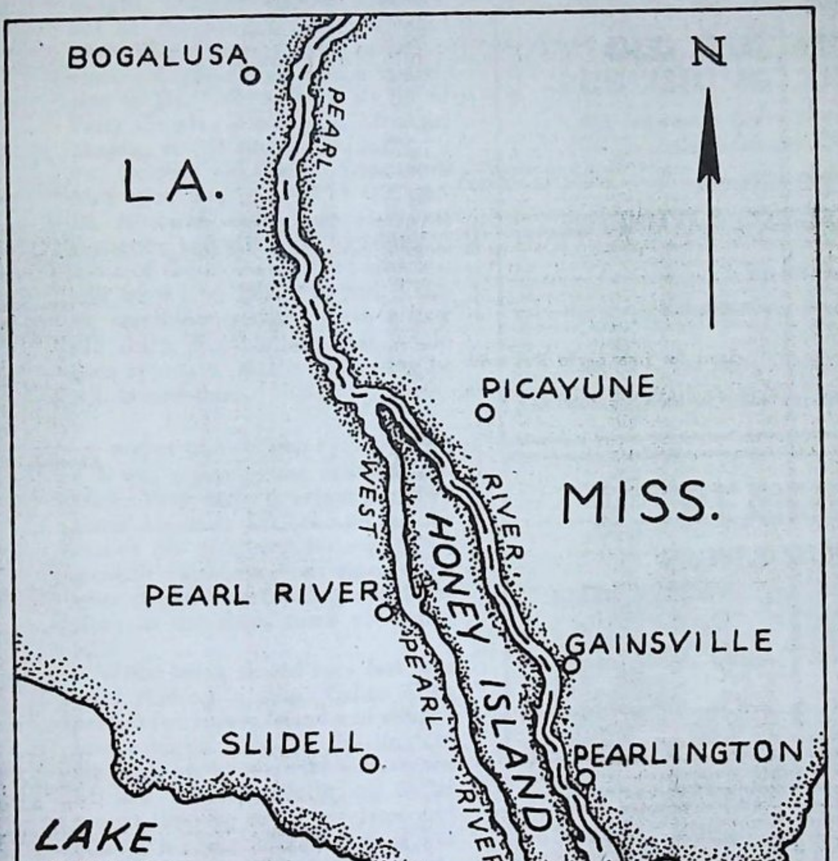
Rameau fought on the side of the British in the Battle of New Orleans during the War of 1812. He was killed at Chalmette, along with most of his men. It is interesting to conjecture that Rameau and his men may have been eliminated by Jean Lafitte, another famous pirate who had been known to visit Honey Island.

Another famous robber who used Honey Island as a base of operations was John Murrell. Murrell was said to be one of the most hardened criminals of his time, nearly a century and a half ago. When he left the swampland with his gang, which was numbered in the hundreds, he always carried enough gold to keep himself and his men in supplies until another successful robbery replenished his coffers.

Murrell brewed an ambitious scheme to take over the U. S. Government through a slave revolt which he had organized. He was finally trapped and sent to prison through evidence gained in the outlaw camp by Virgil Stewart, who posed as a friend. Many of Murrell's gang were hanged in the 1830's through Stewart's work.

Murrell was famous also for his distrust of even his own men. It was said that he never allowed more than one man to accompany him when he journeyed to Honey Island for a helping of the loot that he had buried there.

Perhaps the most daring of all highwaymen was James Copeland, who had a lengthy career of



Map of Honey Island. Now a part of Louisiana, the island was a den of pirates and thieves during its days as a disputed no-man's-land.

crime and often holed up on Honey Island for a cooling-off period. The scene of his exploits ranged from Alabama and Mississippi to Texas, and as far north as Ohio. Members of the Copeland gang included such accomplished thieves as Charles McGrath, who posed as a preacher to provide cover for his fellow robbers. After an absence of two or three weeks, McGrath would tell his congregation that he had been "up North on a revival" with some of his fellow workers.

Copeland's killing of a rival gang leader finally tripped him up. He was captured and sentenced to be hanged. Lengthy appeals kept him out of the hangman's noose until 1857. When he was about to be executed, Copeland dictated a confession to Dr. J. R. S. Pitts, sheriff of Perry County, Mississippi. After the hanging at Old Augusta, Mississippi, on October 30, 1857, Copeland's confession was released to the public. It stated names and places of robberies, and also gave locations of some of the loot—much of which is still buried on Honey Island. Frantic searching brought forth a few old coins, but nothing that would even approach what is believed to be still buried there.

Another outlaw who turned pirate was a young man called Calico Dick. Very little is actually known about his early life, except that he earned his nickname because of an incident involving a storekeeper who caught him stealing a bolt of cloth in the small town of Gainsville.

While being chased by a fast boat after robbing a ship, Calico Dick headed for Honey Island and slipped into a bayou south of Pearlington. He sank his boat deliberately when he saw that he was going to be caught, hoping to return later and recover his loot. Nothing more was heard of Calico Dick after he was jailed—and no part of his scuttled treasure has been found.

More than $1,000 in old Mexican coins was found on Honey Island in 1907. A far greater cache of $2,000,000 is believed to be awaiting a lucky treasure seeker near the town of Pearl River Station.

In recent years a fisherman saw a chain fastened to a tree and running into the ground near his favorite fishing spot. The chain defied his strongest pull, so he returned with a shovel and dug it up. At the end of the chain was a chest filled with coins.

No one has ever learned how much money the fisherman found in the chest, and all attempts to locate other caches nearby have failed.

But the search for treasure on Honey Island goes on.

Honey Island can be reached by car, on Interstate 59. Once there, however, one must back-pack his way through the dense, swampy lowlands. The island is inhabited, although very sparsely.

Most of the land is owned by a paper company, which is regularly engaged in timber cutting and reforestation. Smaller portions of land are owned by various hunting clubs. There are a few small farms

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dictate that you stay out—the
probably has had an unhapp
perience or two with careless
sure hunters.

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get permission to do so. And
member that this area has never
really tamed, much of it never
explored. Only Lady Luck has
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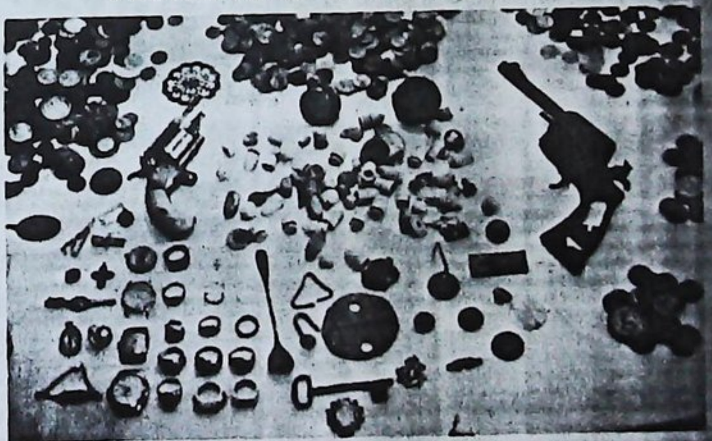

Ernest J. Clark writes; "In three weeks since I received my Gardiner Model 190A Metal Detector, I have found a total of approximately $685 worth of miscellaneous coins, jewelry and artifacts. Some of the coins dated back to 1802. I think the features of this metal detector are really way ahead of all the other makes, especially in the fact that it will distinguish bottle caps and other worthless items."

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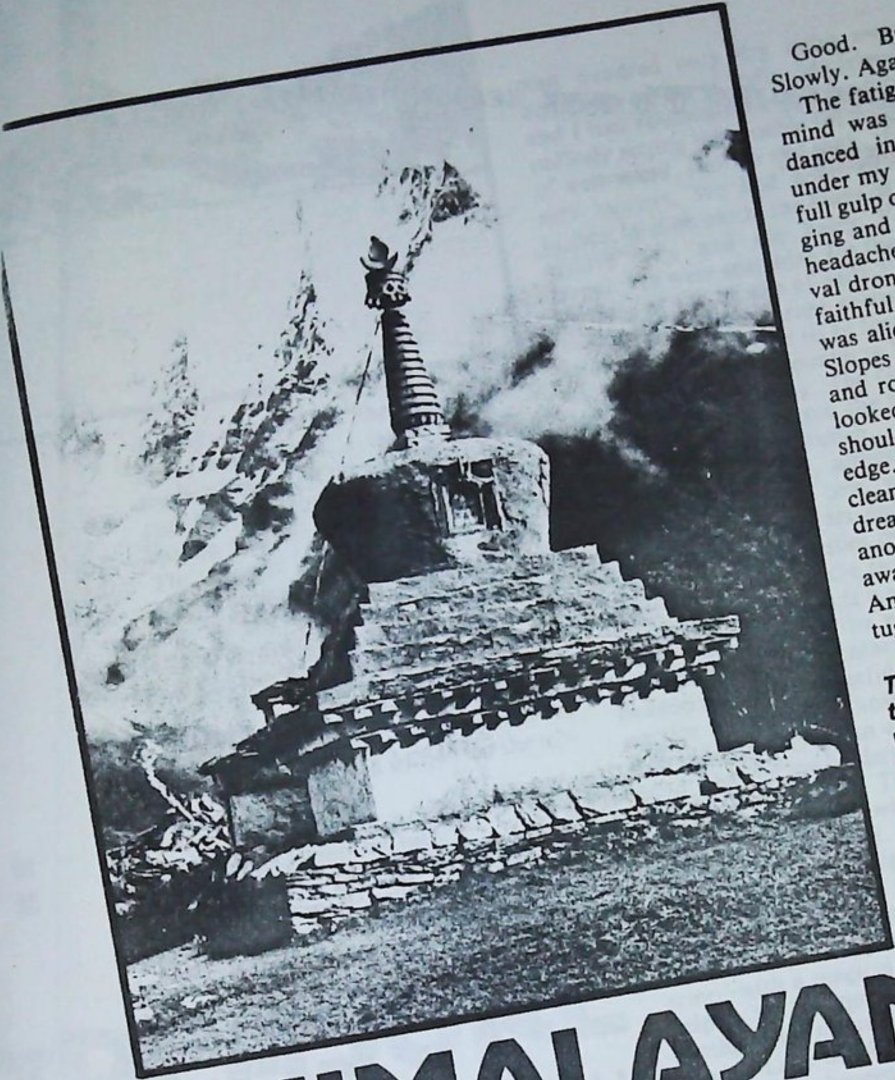


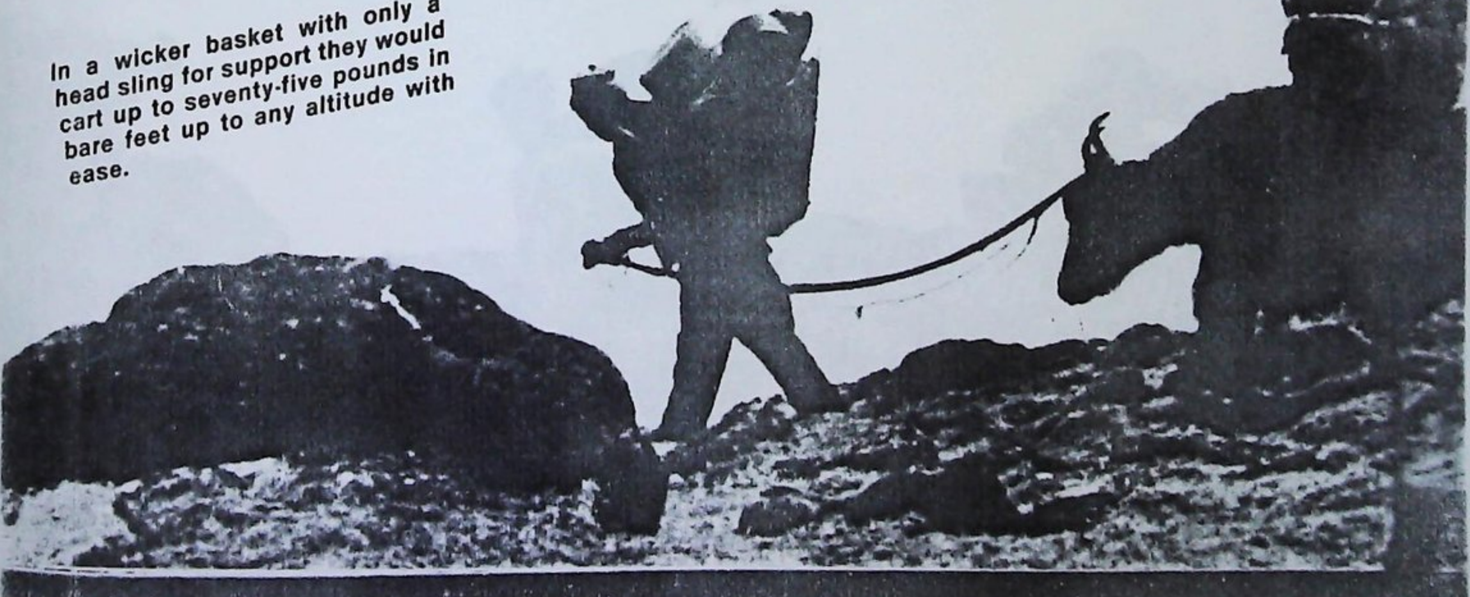
Good. Breathe. Exhale. Again. Slowly. Again. Slowly.

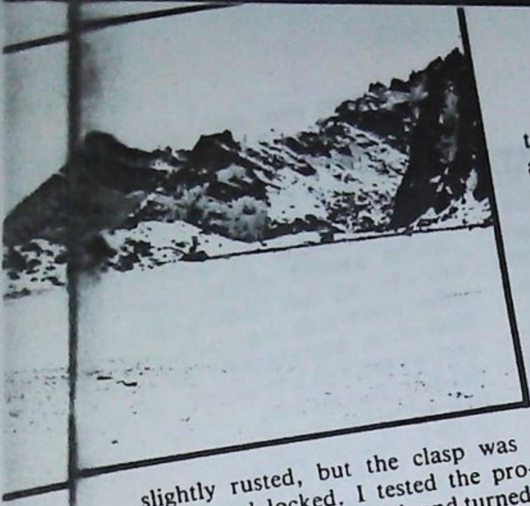
The fatigue was taking its toll. My mind was blurring the images that danced in the loose sand moving under my hands. The lack of a good, full gulp of air after a long day of digging and sifting had given me quite a headache. The fundamentals of survival droned on in my head like an old faithful friend. The world around me was alien and strange, a moonscape. Slopes of scree fell away on one hand and rose high above on the other. I looked over at the group of hunched shoulders on the beach at the water's edge. They were busy sifting, sorting, cleaning, as if in a slow motion dream. The light was fading as I saw another glint of metal and scooped away the sand that was covering it. An ancient lock came loose with a tug. It seemed in good condition,

The DUDH KUND became one of the legendary holy places to which devout Buddhists were required to make a pilgrimage at some point in their search for Nirvana.

FOUND: HIMALAYAN LAKE OF MILK TR

In a wicker basket with only a head sling for support they would cart up to seventy-five pounds in bare feet up to any altitude with ease.





TREASURE

BY ROBERT RUBADEAU

slightly rusted, but the clasp was heavy and locked. I tested the protruding key and it turned, and turned, and kept on turning until the clasp sprung and the key lay in my hand. The strange key resembled a corkscrew. It was old. It was unique. But most important for a treasure hunter, I had found it.!

The sun was setting quickly and the wind had begun to moan down the valley between the two massive peaks that towered above, still golden in the sun. I shivered and wished for the tropics.

"You are in the tropics, you dolt."

My mind snapped back.

Actually, we were on the equator, but the nearest palm tree was roughly eighteen thousand feet below and fifteen hundred very dry miles away across the plains of India. My friends and I had reached probably the most unlikely setting imaginable for a crew of wetbacked, snorkle and tank, treasure hunters. We had come to the highest land on earth, the home of the elusive Yeti and the hairy Yak--Nepal. We were searching for the lost treasure of the "Lake of Milk."

As with most treasure hunts, the story of why we came to be lost high in the Himalayan Mountains begins long ago and far away. The Gods of India were always, from the beginning, a bloodthirsty bunch. The legends of the Buddha, although fair enough to the sacred cow, were riddled with mythical wars and battles among the gigantic deities that populated the world when the race of men was young. Buddhism is a religion of nature and many of the myths that have survived the centuries tell of thundering gods, vengeful rivers and warrior mountains. Those who have seen the Himalayas can easily understand why the lowlanders feared and mistrusted the peaks. They rise like imposing sentinels with summits perenially lost in cloud. The Buddha, reincarnated as the gigantic warrior Manjusha, was given the unhealthy job of defeating once and for all time the lords of the mountains. He was armed with a magical sword and was helped in his quest by the Earth Mother who nourished him by creating a "Lake of Milk."

The lake, known in Nepalese as *Dudh Kund*, became on of the legendary holy places to which devout Buddhists were required to make a pilgrimage at some point in their search for Nirvana. At the shores of the lake the faithful would offer back to the Earth Mother some physical token, a coin or family heirloom, in payment for her help. The lake had long ago been sealed in the mists of legend. The borders to the holy place were closed for centuries by the warlike Sherpas who guarded the narrow mountain passes that they used for spice trading with ancient China. The lake had drifted from legend into fable.

A young friend, who has sailed with me when I ran a diving and sailing charter in the Bahamas a few years ago, had entered the Peace Corps and his assignment was a high valley deep in the Himalayas. He wrote to my wife Mary and me that he had heard of the legendary lake and had found some Tibetan refugees who had actually seen it while making

I AWOKE TO THE FIRST INHUMAN GROWL. YETI' A SECOND SHARP ROA BROUGHT ME OUT OF MY SLEEPING BAG, FLASHLIGHT BRANDISHED AS AN INEFFECTIVE WEAPO

a hasty retreat from their country in front of the red Chinese invasion twenty years ago. Of course, it was far off the beaten track in an isolated section of mountains to the west of Mount Everest and smack-dab on the potentially volatile Tibetan border. They had claimed that the lake was actually milk, and that many coins and artifacts lay exposed on the sand beaches. While we didn't exactly rush to the airport, we were soon through the piles of red tape required for visas and such, and on the way to Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal. The only equipment we brought along was high altitude camping gear and small sifting screens, as the lake was reported to be surrounded by a large beach. The monsoon, however, was already threatening in early December, and our time would be limited before the seasonal rains would bury the high lake under ten to twenty feet of snow.

Nepal is definitely a culture shock. Kathmandu, although a cosmopolitan city with a jet port, still boasts street-corner dancing bears, ritual public burnings of the dead, and a King who ascends to the throne following a ceremony in which he was covered from head to foot in yak dung. The swirls of color and wispy saris dogged our tracks as we engaged in a whirlwind tour, but our destination was a long way from here and time was rapidly running out.

In a land where the wheel need never be invented, our options for the journey boiled down to foot power. The "Trek" or hike into the high mountains followed a trail that was well worn from centuries of barefooted traffic. We would follow along the track of the Everest climbing expeditions until we met our friend in the small town of Jumbesi, seven walking days from the city.

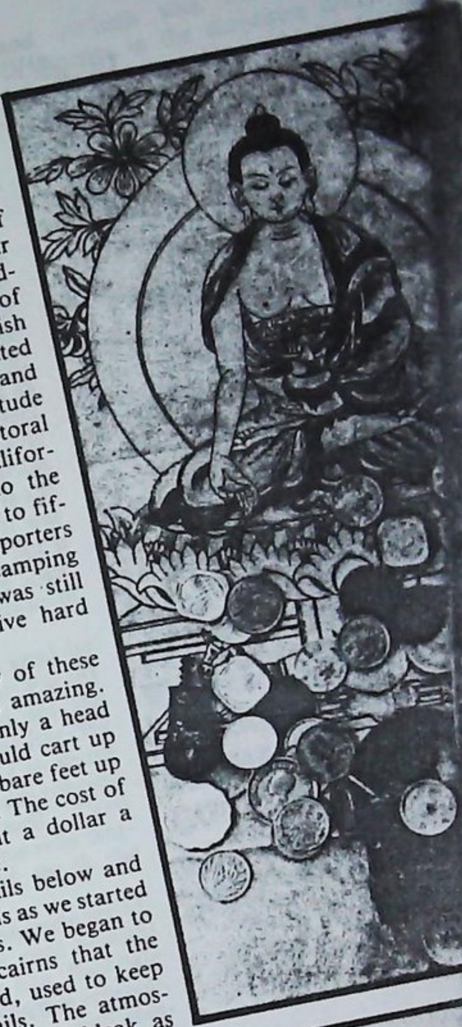
The foothills, or "Baby Himals" as our friend had come to refer to them, were more than a match for our reluctant legs as we walked the roller-coaster trail from dawn to dusk. The ridges seemed endless, hopeless, as we crested a measly eight thousand footer, and our porter, rented from the local "Porter Shop," pointed out the itinerary for the next week.

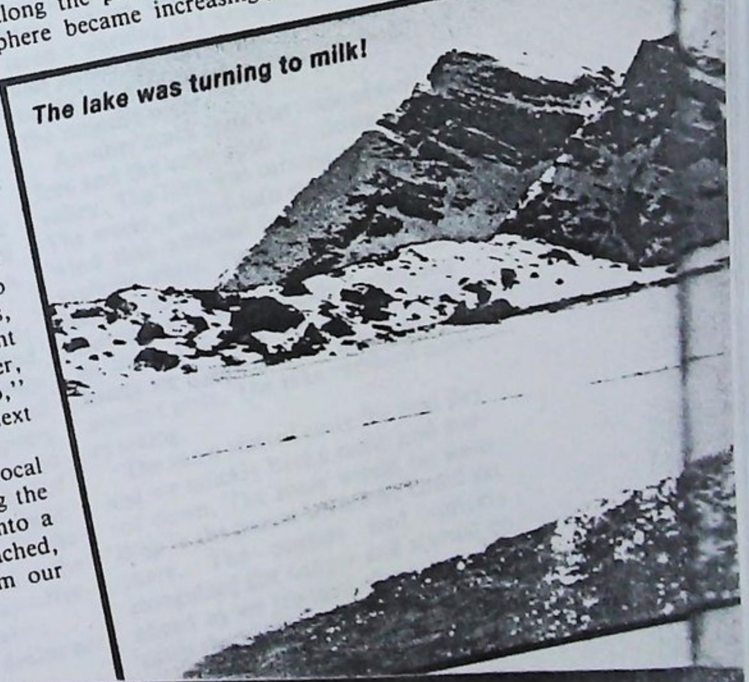
We lived primarily off the local fare. Each house or shack along the way would immediately turn into a restaurant as soon as we approached, and a gargle of Nepalese from our porter resulted in a steaming plate of white rice (PERIOD!). The word "Bot," meaning rice, became a recurring nightmare as the inevitable plate appeared three times a day, every day. It was filling.

We finally stumbled into the "Magic Valley" of Jumbesi, so called by the natives because of the large population of resident devils or "Shrindies" that reside as balls of light in the tumbling waterfalls. Our friend had found some other would-be explorers from the assortment of resident westerners. A mad Danish doctor on leave from an isolated mountain clinic, and a husband and wife team studying the high altitude monkeys of the region for a doctoral thesis from the University of California at Berkley, were added to the crew. The party slowly swelled to fifteen as we hired the additional porters needed to carry the food and camping equipment. The lake itself was still fifteen plates of bot, or five hard climbing days away.

The load-carrying ability of these slight-statured porters was amazing. In a wicker basket with only a head sling for support they would cart up to seventy-five pounds in bare feet up to any altitude with ease. The cost of these porters runs about a dollar a day, plus bot, of course.

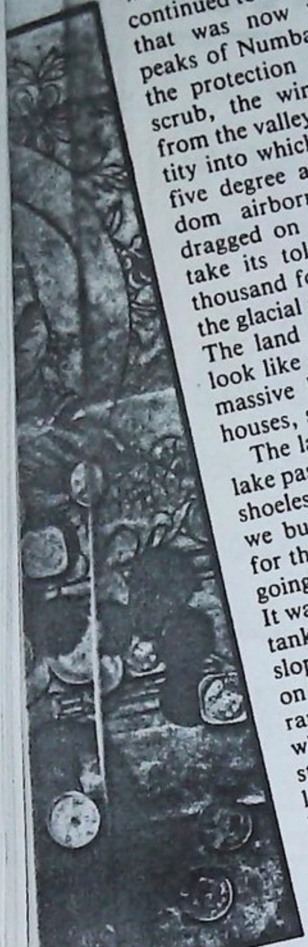
We left the worn trails below and sought out the yak paths as we started up into the high passes. We began to see the small stone cairns that the pilgrims, we were told, used to keep along the proper trails. The atmosphere became increasingly bleak as





The lake was turning to milk!

LAKE OF MILK



we crossed through the tree line and continued to climb towards the saddle that was now visible between the peaks of Numbar and Ulla. Without the protection of even the smallest scrub, the wind that roared down from the valley became a physical entity into which we leaned at a forty-five degree angle, dodging the random airborne boulder. The days dragged on as the altitude began to take its toll. We crossed a sixteen thousand foot pass and dropped into the glacial moraine of the Ulla valley. The land in front of us did indeed look like a battlefield for giants with massive boulders, some the size of houses, strewn about.

The last three thousand feet to the lake passed through an ice field so the shoeless porters were left behind as we buckled on crampons and made for the saddle. The altitude made the going slow. Each breath was a labor. It was like sucking on an empty scuba tank at a hundred feet. Suddenly the slope ended. Weary eyes looked up on one of the most spectacular panoramas imaginable. To the east, across white capped ridges of high peaks, stood the greatest of the mountain lords, Sagarmatha (Mt. Everest). The legend has it that only the pure of spirit may look upon the summit of the "Great One." We must have all passed the muster for the distinctive plume, caused by the winds tearing the snow from the highest point of land on earth, stood prominently against the crystal blue sky. Below us a perfectly shaped little mountain lake, a mile in circumference, ringed with a belt of pure white sand, spread between the twin peaks of Ulla and Numbar. These peaks were still eight thousand feet above us.

It wasn't milk! My mind raced back along the years to the pilgrims who had stood here after a two thousand mile walk to find that one of the expected miracles didn't exist. We all felt a bit foolish to be so let down, but we were.

Eagerly we spread ourselves out into a line for a walk through the sand around the lake. It was definitely *Dudh Kund*, for the tridents--small hammered bronze or copper spears about six to ten inches long--littered the ground. They were the symbol of eternal life, the sea of consciousness. These markers were placed in the sand by the faithful. The ritual to the earth then required some token offering to be thrown into the waters.

The glacial lake ebbs and drains according to the time of year. The monsoon threatening on the horizon would replenish the water, but now the sand that we walked on was a good arm's throw from the high water mark. The coins were plentiful and easy to pick up. The whole area was littered with remnants such as gourds, ladles, pitchers, cooking rocks, and so on. The coins were simple and thin, pounded from some easily worked metal: cooper, bronze or tin. The stamp was usually that of the trident and the "Gompa" or monastery that did the striking. Dating proved to be a difficult task as each region and religious sect operated with a different yearly count. However, many of the coins bore Tibetan markings that made them a novel and unique item. It was not exactly a Spanish galleon, but it was a treasure nonetheless. We spent a long day trying to recover some of the better preserved artifacts.

The tents were set in the sand by the side of the lake that night. Far off down the valley we could see the flicker of the porters cooking fire. We ate dinner in silence trying to shake off the feeling that we were robbing some ancient wishing well. Tired though we were, sleep came reluctantly as the ceaseless wind shook the tents.

I awoke to the first inhuman growl. Yeti? A second sharp roar brought me out of my sleeping bag, flashlight brandished as an ineffective weapon. Mary sat up wide awake and muttered a warning as I unzipped the tent and joined the rest of the crew shivering in the cold wind, gazing out into the moonlit night.

Another crack rang out close at our feet and the echo sped off down the valley. The lake was turning to milk! The water, stirred into ripples by the wind that whistled in our ears, was growing white. The ice which must lie hidden beneath the thin layer of melted water was quickly reclaiming its own. Cupping the liquid in our hands we found it clear, but then, we weren't gods. The lake rumbled until morning.

The snow started early the next day and we quickly broke camp and started down. The snow would be waist deep in the passes before we could get there. The porters had quickly recognized the danger and started on ahead as we trudged along trying to catch them. The descent was gruelling and difficult with the threat of avalanches in the deepening drifts. Finally after many hours of following small depressions left by the porters as they raced on ahead, we crossed the last of the passes and started down. The retreat from the ancient battlefield had been a success.

Although we found little of value, we had uncovered a myth. The land of Nepal is an uncut gem in a world that is shrinking much too rapidly. The wealth of the high mountains lies in their untouchable beauty and the nature of the quiet people who live with the most naturally oriented of religions. The gold, coins and relic are there for the treasure hunter, bu be prepared to find a whole lot mor

THE COINS WERE PLENTIFUL AND EASY TO PICK UP; THE WHOLE AREA WAS LITTERED WITH REMNANTS SUCH AS GOURDS, LADLES, COOKING ROCKS AND SO ON

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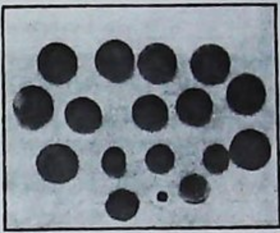

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Everyone knows there's gold in Alaska, but not evryone knows how to get it out of the gound. Here's how.

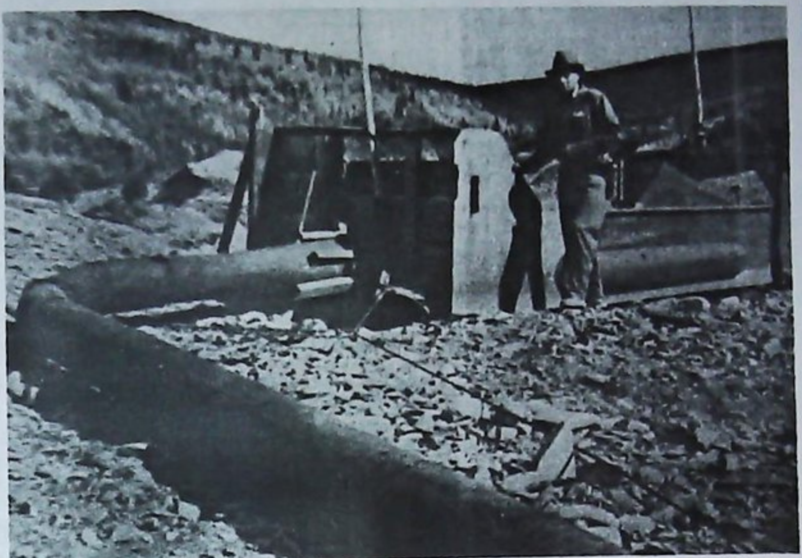
FROZEN GOLD

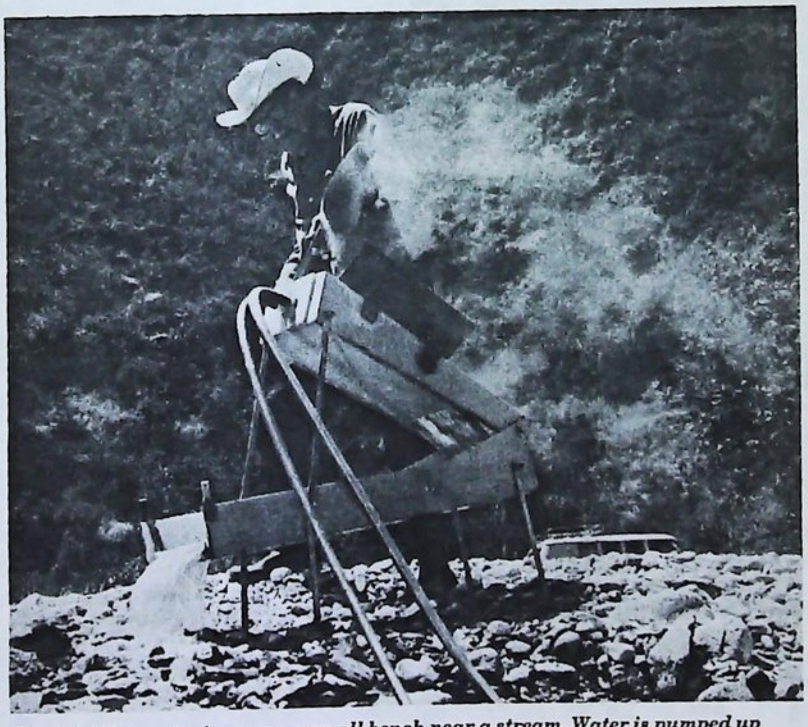
By Carl fischer

Our big sluice in Alaska was 52-feet long and 33-inches wide. It used Hungarian riffles that were topped by a piece of perforated metal with 1/2-inch holes. This metal carried off large rocks and let the smaller material drift down into the riffle area.

I have received many letters recently from people who have tried their luck prospecting for gold in Alaska and the Yukon Territory. A few fellows say they have found a little gold, but most of them had only a dismal experience. One chap wrote that he took his 5-inch gold dredge up there, worked in an area south of Circle Hot Springs for two months and recovered only one ounce of gold during that entire time. It goes without saying it that most of these fellows are not sold on "frozen gold."

Although I have been hesitant to recommend this north country to anyone interested in treasure hunting, there are areas which yield satisfactory amounts of gold to a knowledgeable prospector who is acquainted with this strange terrain. Placer gold deposits in Alaska and the Yukon differ considerably from those found in the continental United States. The gold in Alaska was deposited by glaciers is well hidden in a maze of gravel and rubble and is almost impossible to work with the types of equipment conventionally used.


Glen stands beside the sluice tender — where water entered the sluice. 12-inch tubing brought water down from a dam in a creek that rushed 5500 gallons per minute into he sluice. The white stakes on the sluice were used to locate it when covered with snow and ice.


The Gold Harvester in use on a small bench near a stream. Water is pumped up through two 3/4-inch garden hoses. Gold is captured by screening out large rocks and allowing small material to drift down into the riffle area.

The northeastern part of Alaska and the Yukon were covered with glaciers for thousands of years. The glaciers carried huge quantities of gravel, sand, boulders and some gold with them as they slid down mountains and hillsides. When they melted, they left large quantities of rubble piled helter-skelter over the entire region. These piles of boulders, gravel and sand that are called moraines also contain some gold.

If a stream later cut its way through one of these moraines that had some gold, it may have picked up some of the gold and scattered it along its streambed; this happened more often in the Yukon than in Alaska. Alaskan gold fields are very tricky. You can prospect in one area and not find a single flake of gold, but move 50 feet either to the right or the left, and you may hit a bonanza. It's that spotty. As a consequence, if the stream you plan to dredge cut its way through a moraine that contained gold, you might be lucky. If that wasn't a gold-bearing moraine, you will be wasting your time. All moraines do not contain gold.

When we worked in Alaska 20 years ago, we used a big sluice built of boiler plate that was mounted on solid rock. This sluice was 52 feet long and 38 inches wide. It used Hungarian riffles that we built of 1-1/2-inch angle iron. They were covered with a sheet of perforated metal having 1/2-inch holes that was placed about 2-inches above the riffle tops. This perforated metal carried off the large rocks, allowing the smaller material to drift down into the riffle area. We constructed a dam with a gate on the stream and brought the water down to the sluice 600 yards below it with 12-inch metal

continued

tubing which put 5500 gallons of water a minute through the sluice. Our sluice tender and had eight openings through which water entered and was 12 feet long and 8 feet wide.

The first summer we worked in Alaska we were able to use a 5-inch cannon for hydraulicking the mountainside adjacent to the stream. After that year, hydraulicking was forbidden. Some chap near Chicken, Alaska, lost control of his water cannon and killed a fellow worker. After that accident, hydraulicking was banned in our part of Alaska. Our cannon was able to knock down trees and as well as uproot tundra and it tore up a moraine down to the thermafrost pronto. However, we weren't happy with hydraulicking because it covered up as much gold as it gave us.

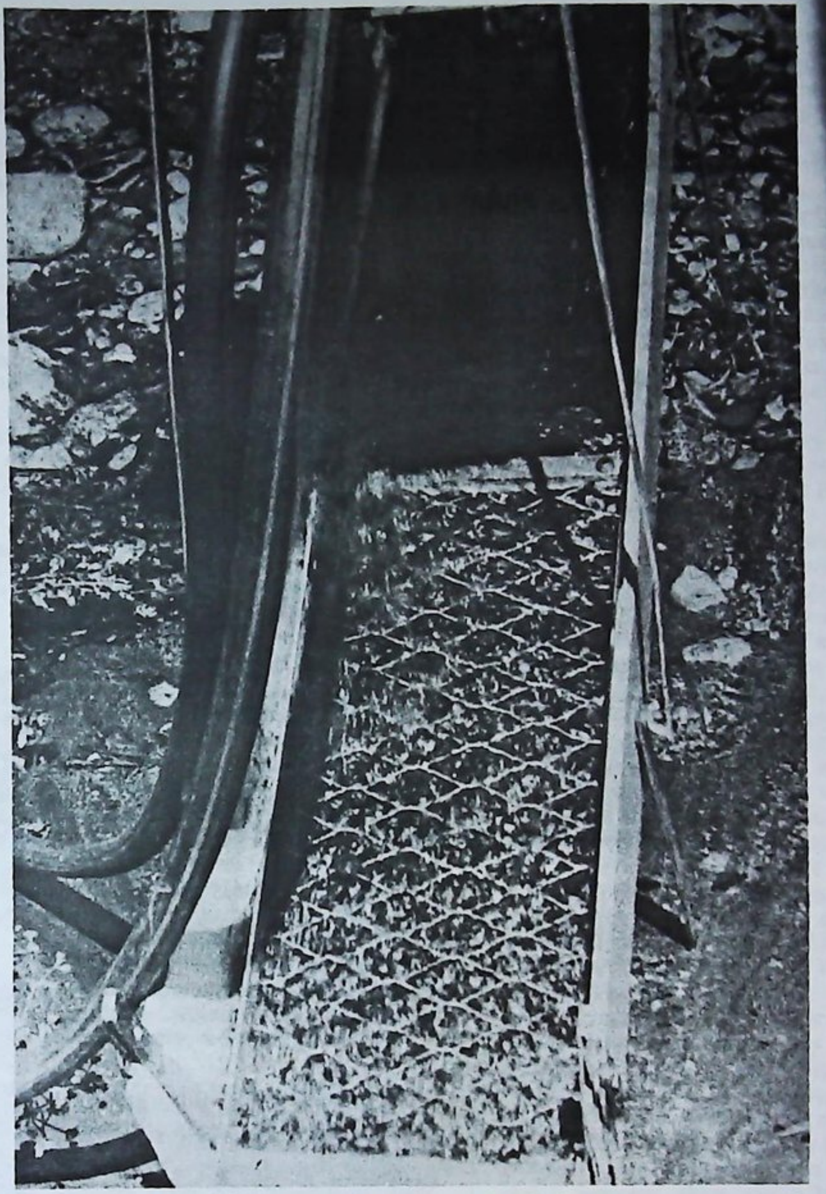
After hydraulicking an area and recovering the gold in several sluices, we had to go in there the next day with skip-loaders and put the material through the large sluice. This second run produced as much gold as the hydraulicking operation. Hydraulicking requires a lot of extra work and time. Special sluices have to be built, rail channels have to be imbedded in the rough terrain to guide the flow into the sluices, and you have to be very careful with that powerful stream of water that makes the cannon difficult to control. We always put our strongest man on the cannon.

In our regular work, we used a D8 Cat. and an International 30 to doze up sand and gravel from nearby moraine locations, then transferred this loose material to the sluice with our skip-loaders. Often the moraine area was a long distance from the sluice and we had to doze a road through the rough terrain. All our units were diesel powered and we burned up a trailer load of fuel each summer — about 50 barrels. It took the three of us and six helpers to run the operation. We employed men who had worked in Alaska before and were acquainted with gold recovery there. The financial returns, however, were very satisfactory. However, we learned a lot about gold, especially Alaska gold.

One of the big problems with gold recovery in all areas in the far north is the permafrost. You can take a bite of only two or three inches with the blade of your dozer, because that's about the depth to which the sun thaws this ground. Then you have to wait a couple of hours for the sun to melt the permafrost before you can doze that same area again. When the blade cuts down to the permafrost, you see the most beautiful blue color on the frozen ground for just a few minutes before it begins to thaw. It's a lovely sight! It usually took us about ten days to break out enough material to keep the sluice busy for a week. How deep is the permafrost? Engineers have drilled down into it for 700 feet and still were in frozen ground.

There's still a lot of gold to be recovered in northeastern Alaska, but it's necesary to adapt your recovery methods to the terrain; otherwise, those glacial deposits and the permafrost will defeat your efforts. Conventional recovery methods seldom work in the far north unless you are very lucky in selecting your worksite. A gold dredge hardly serves a worthwhile purpose in this country

Some years after spending four summers in Alaska, John, Mitch and I spent two summers prospecting for gold in the Yukon Territory. I like the Yukon in spite of its hazards. It's wilder than Alaska. The first summer we worked on the Pelly River, which we reached by turning off the Alcan highway at Watson Lake. The next summer we worked on the Stewart River which we reached by turning off the Alcan at Whitehorse. Special



The sluice has a 1-inch high main riffle in the center which acts as a nugget trap. The lower half of sluice holds carpet, two peices of small concrete reinforcing mesh and a peice of expanded aluminum. It allows easy access for clean-ups.

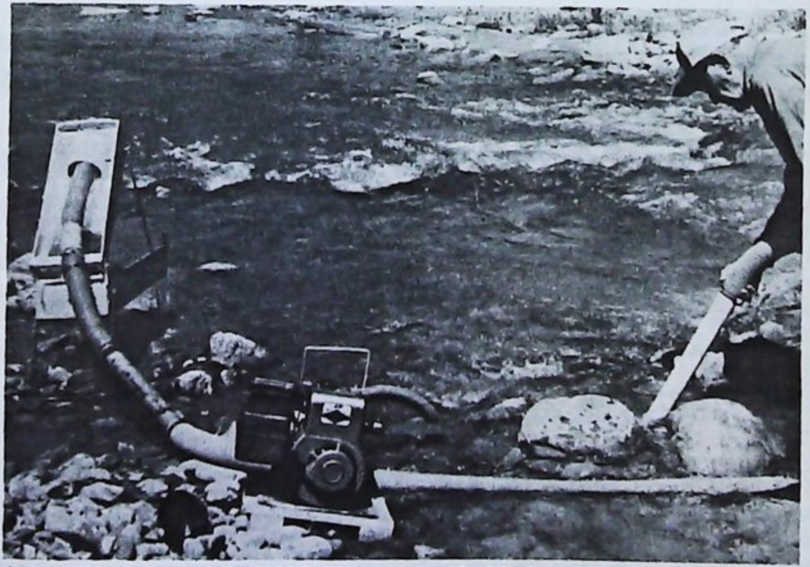
permits are required, which can be obtained at Whitehorse if you qualify. If you carry rifles, and you should, you must get a non-resident hunting license. Our recoveries in the Yukon were excellent even though we used much smaller equipment than in Alaska.

We worked with three Gold Harvesters and metal detectors exclusively in the Yukon area. We used the detectors to locate gold and/or black sand deposits, and the Harvesters were set up in likely spots to recover gold. We worked mainly at the confluence of small streams with the main river, because nearly all small streams in this area cut through some gold-bearing moraines in the back country and carry gold down to the main river. At one place on the Pelly, a small stream with an unpronounceable Indian name entered the river and left a huge alluvial fan at the confluence. This fan was as long as a football field and almost as wide at the river.

The motor with pump is placed at streamside to supply water to the Gold Harvester. Adjusting the motor speed gives the operator the amount of water he wants at the recovery site. A 4-hp. motor is used here with two 3/4-inch garden hoses.

Our detectors sounded off in chorus over this entire deposit. We believed that the gold had been brought down at spring runoffs and at floodtimes. We worked most of this delta, although we could shovel down only to the permafrost, which was about five inches below the top of the gravel. I'm sure there was more gold in the frozen ground, but we had no way of getting to it. Gold recovery here was very good, especially at the upper end of the delta fan where the stream widened and quickly dropped its load of sediment. Three to four onces of gold per Harvester was the average gain per day.

A large herd of caribou grazed for a week across the Stewart river and a mile or two from our camp the second summer we were in the Yukon. A caribou herd always attracts wolf packs, and they gave our campsite a thorough investigation at night. There wasn't anything outside that they could bother, but they were noisy and once in a while we had to shoot in the air to run them off. Wolf packs seldom bother humans. They are a bit larger than a police dog. It's the larger, solitary wolves that will attack. Fortunately, we encountered none of these.



On certain occasions, the Gold Harvester is used with the gold dredge. For this use, the motor must be throttled back to the slowest operating speed. This combination is especially useful when dredging shallow waters at the side of a stream and into the banks.

There was one touchy encounter on the Stewart, however, with a large male grizzly. We spotted him in the small willows that grew on the long gravelbar in the river. After we saw him, we shut off the motors, broke out rifles and kept the bear under constant surveillance. We hoped that he couldn't swim the main channel and come to our side of the river. I suppose it was the smell of food in our campers that prompted him to swim across and charge us. He came at us roaring with a vengeance. My Enfield was loaded with 220-gr. silver tips and one of them stopped him dead in his tracks. We covered the carcass where it fell with gravel. It was frozen solid in a few days.

A helicopter landed at our campsite several days later and two wildlife officers stopped by to visit. They were very fine people. We talked about the caribou herd and they asked if any of the carnivores that followed the herd had bothered us. It was then that we told them about that mad grizzly. There were delighted. We helped them uncover the carcass and load it into their helicopter. They said they would take it to a home for delinquents near Whitehorse where the people would be glad to get some wild meat. We were happy that they found a good place for it. They left us several bottles of insect repellent. It was a wonderful gift, because we were about out of it and the deer flies were ferocious.

We emptied the concentrates from the Harvester trays about every hour and spent the time between dinner and bedtime panning out. A good number of small nuggets were trapped at the main riffles, but they were not large. None weighed as much as a half ounce; however, there was a lot of small gold. It averaged about two ounces a day per Harvester for our entire stay. In that quiet country, the noise of three motors in that enclosed area was almost deafening; but the nights were so still you could actually hear the silence.

I suppose the Gold Harvester would work just as well in some areas of Alaska as it did in the Yukon. We didn't have this instrument when we worked in Alaska. But it will be necessary to check the terrain carefully in any northern area that you plan to work. Metal detectors have become more sensitive to gold than they were years ago. We used three Fisher 441 detectors in the Yukon with excellent results. Fisher has improved the technology of the 441 and makes the

continued

660 Mother Load now which is still more sensitive to gold. We use the 660 exclusively now in our prospecting.

The Gold Harvester works very well in this frozen country. It is an instrument that uses two boxes to process sand and gravel. We place a 4 hp motor with an integral water pump at a streamside which supplies water to the unit. The topbox receives the water and shovelfuls of gravel. It contains a 1/2-inch grizzly at its lower end which screens out large rocks and allows smaller material to drift down into the sluice. The operator shovels into the topbox and the unit does the rest of the work. The upper half of the four-foot sluice is covered with a piece of thin aluminum sheeting which is painted jet black.

There's a one-inch high main riffle across the center of the sluice which serves as a nugget trap. The black aluminum makes a large gold flake or a nugget fairly jump at you. The lower half of the sluice is covered with a carpet which is topped by two pieces of small 1/4-inch diamond reinforcing material used for concrete. This combination is covered by a piece of expanded aluminum with 1-inch diamonds. The lower half of the sluice traps all the small gold. An aluminum-strap ladders holds the screens and carpet closely to the floor and is secured at its lower end with a small bolt and wing nut, allowing easy access when it's time for cleaning up the concentrates.

Marian, who is 5-feet tall, stands on a chair holding up the hide of a solitary wolf shot by a friend. Hide of a normal pack wolf is on the wall on the right. These large wolves will attack humans. This one weighed almost 300 pounds.

> ***"We built the Harvester originally to work upper benches on rivers in California mountains, but we've found it valuable in many other areas. Since the lower end of the sluice can easily be adjusted for any type of terrain, it is much easier to control than a river sluice."***

The harvester is built of 3/8-inch plywood has been well soaked with Thompson's Waterseal before being painted with an enamel. The unit is simple to build and can be constructed in the average home workshop. Plans for the unit are available. Our pump has a 1-1/2-inch discharge outlet, but instead of using a large hose (which is expensive), we use two 3/4-inch garden hoses. They supply the same amount of water, are much cheaper to buy, are easier to handle and to pack.

We built the Harvester originally to work upper benches on rivers in California mountains, but we've found it valuable in many other areas. Since the lower end of the sluice can easily be adjusted for any type of terrain, it is much easier to control than a river sluice. Then, too, it makes it possible to place the unit right where the deposit lies, so we can shovel into it rather than carry the gravel and sand in pails to a river sluice. We use the Harvester in many wet-gold operations, even in conjunction with a small dredge on certain occasions.

In spite of the increased expense in working many of these northern gold areas, we've found our safaris into this region to be highly profitable. If you have a summer to spend and have sufficient know-how and some money, you might consider three months of work prospecting in this region. That's if you can put up with very rough roads, almost impossible terrain, large flocks of stinging deer flies and an occasional mean grizzly. Remember, this is not a picnic area. You can work 16 to 20 hours a day in this country in summer, because it is dark only a few hours each night. But you won't last doing it! Nevertheless, there's still a lot of gold in this part of the world that needs to come out of those glacial moraines. □

HOW TO SELL YOUR RELICS & TREASURE FINDS

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WESTERN TREASURES® MAGAZINE

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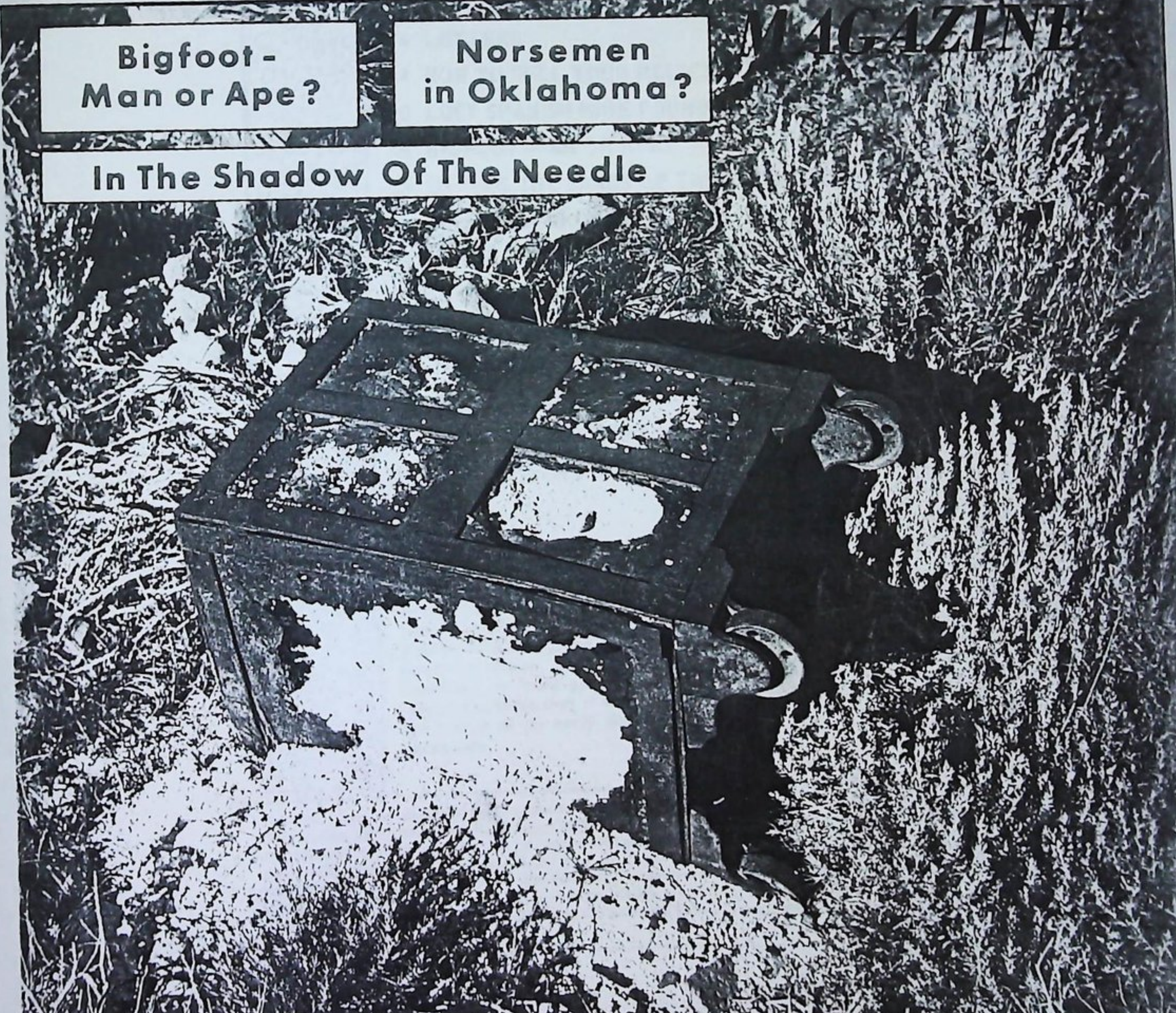
Norsemen in Oklahoma?

In The Shadow Of The Needle



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COVER: More than 100 yrs. too late, a treasure hunter found this discarded safe beside a railroad track. How it came to be there is a point to ponder, and may never be known. From the condition, a 'safe guess', (sorry) would be that it was the victim of an early day desperado.

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stood a bigfoot creature. They said his color was light—not like the near black ones sighted in Northern California.

There have also been a few sightings of bigfoots in the central Sierra Nevada mountains of California near the town of Pinecrest. These creatures were also lighter in color.

According to some recent reports, a bigfoot may be living in the rugged mountains a mere 60 miles south of San Francisco, California. The creature has been seen there, off and on, for the last 12 years. The area is wild and densely forested.

All of the areas in which the bigfoots have been seen are rugged and heavily timbered. The areas are seldom frequented by man except when he is hunting. A large percentage of the witnesses have been deer hunters. Several of the hunters could have shot the bigfoots but they said that the creatures looked too much like a human to shoot.

Why haven't the expeditions been successful? There have been many expeditions and search parties in quest of bigfoots. It seems that only one person, who was actually looking for bigfoot, has had any hint of success—that is Roger Patterson and his excellent movies. It was his movies that brought the bigfoots to light and made believers out of many previous skeptics. All other expeditions have apparently ended in failure. Obviously, these bigfoot creatures are wily enough to spot an expedition or a group of men and then get out of the area.

Most all of the expeditions included two or more persons who were trying to capture the animal or to photograph it. I believe that a solitary man, walking slowly and quietly through the forests has a better chance of seeing and photographing one of these creatures. Also I believe that a person's best bet would be to concentrate on the ground and look for the bones of these animals. If he were to find a bone or a skull of one of these creatures he could name a price or even agree to become a paid member of the expedition when the anthropologists and scientists returned to collect the remainder of the bones. Because much of the scientific world doubts the existence of the bigfoots (they need proof) a few bones of the animal are required to prove that it really exists. The only proof thus far has been eyewitness accounts and the motion pictures.

How can I search for the bigfoots or their remains? Because these creatures have been spotted in the western United States, most anyone's chances of finding a bigfoot or its remains is just as good as the next guy's Perhaps a persistent treasure hunter will be the one to bring back the first hard evidence.

I've made two trips to the Klamath River area of Northern California in search for some hard evidence of a bigfoot. In September of 1968 I camped for four days on the Eastern edge of the Marble Mountain Wilderness area just south of the Klamath River. The mountains in this area are steep and rugged and almost impossible to climb. The only way a person can claw his way up one of these steep mountains is to work his way along a game trail. I made the trip alone because I wanted to be quiet while I searched. My camera was set and ready at all times.

I struggled hard and climbed up the side of the impossibly steep mountains of the area and about half way up I was so exhausted that my throat was as dry as sandpaper and my heart pounded. I knew it was time to take five.

I sat on a rock and took a sip from my canteen. All of this country looked the same to me, rock jutted mountains covered with pine trees. The forest floor was covered with a several inch deep layer of pine needles.

I kicked some of the pine needles aside and something caught my eye. There was a bone buried under the pine needles. I pulled it free. It looked like a large rib bone and was about two feet in length. I could feel my pulse quicken. I brushed aside some more pine needles with my foot and continued my search. The bones were about the right size. I thought they might be of a bigfoot. I broadened out my area of search to several hundred feet on all sides of the discovery point and I eventually found several dozen various bones, but no skull or jaw bones.

I worked my way down a gully a few hundred yards and finally located a section of the upper jaw bone. I was discouraged because the tooth looked like that of a horse. I kept the tooth and sure enough it was later identified as that of a horse. But now I know why bones are hard dto find in this area.

I plan to go back and continue my search for bones, and who knows, maybe I'll be the one who brings back proof of this priceless treasure of science. Unless, of course, some other lucky treasure hunter finds some of those bones first.

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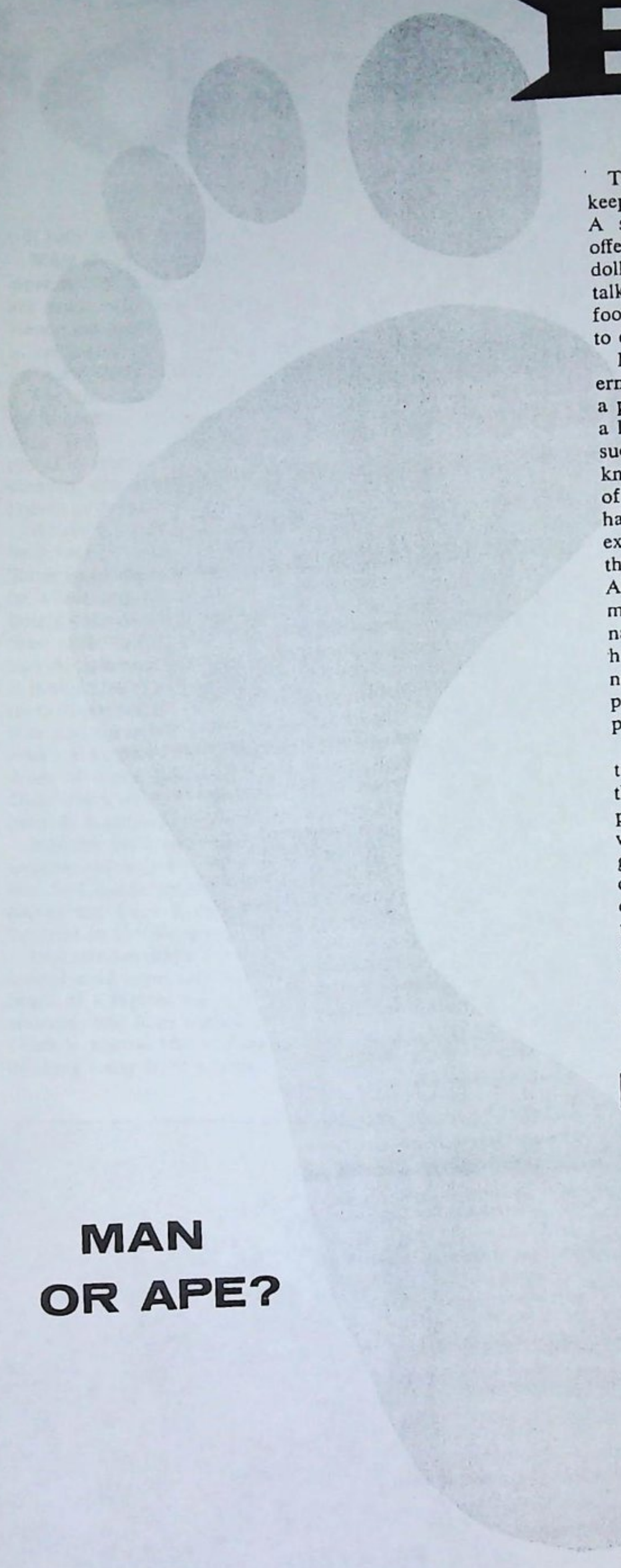
WHAT DO YOU THINK?



BIG

MAN OR APE?

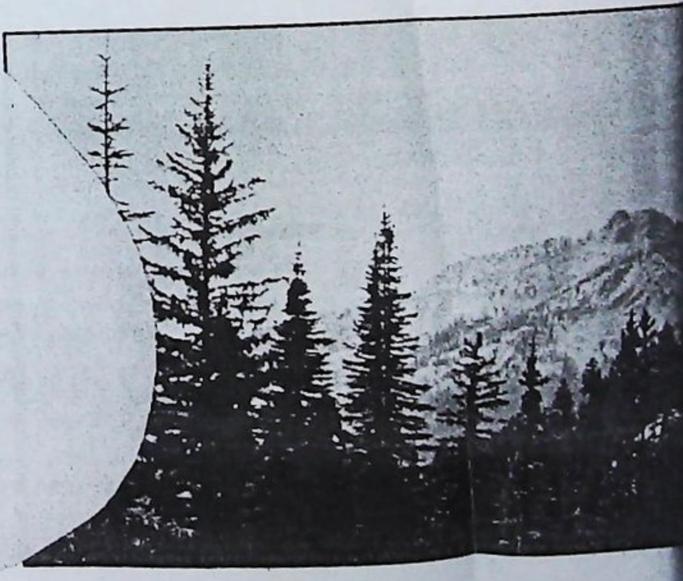
BY JOHN SEGINSKI

There's a treasure in the west that is not only lost but keeps running and continues to evade the searching of man. A small town in Northern California (Weaverville) has offered a $10,000 reward for this treasure, but ten thousand dollars is nothing compared to its true worth. The treasure I'm talking about is of course the creature of Bigfoot. The bigfoot creatures are eight-foot tall man apes which continue to evade the prying eyes of humans.

Many people believe that these evasive creatures of Northern California, Oregon and Washington are descendents of a pre-historic race of men. Others feel that the creatures are a link between the ape and man. Still others believe that no such creatures exist, but the stories are a hoax. But no one knows for sure because no one has been able to capture one of these creatures. In fact, not even any bones or remains have ever been found. The only proof of these creature's existence are frightened eye witnesses and plaster casts of the large sixteen inch footprints the creature leaves behind. Also, one man has been fortunate enough to have had a movie camera ready when he saw one of these creatures. His name is Roger Patterson of Yakima, Washington. You may have seen a still copy of his photographs on the cover of a national magazine. There have been many excellent articles published about the bigfoots in many magazines and newspapers during the last year.

If and when a person does find one of these bigfoot creatures he will go down in history as the discoverer of one of the most important anthropological findings of all time. If a person were to find a skeleton of one of these creatures and were to bring out a single bone or tooth, he could name a good price for taking the scientific world to the site of the complete skeleton. The actual hard proof of this often seen creature could be found by almost anyone. I've looked for the bigfoots or their remains myself. I plan to continue searching and I know that many others are also looking for the bigfoots at this very moment.

If you are interested in learning more about the elusive bigfoot creatures, perhaps the below questions and answers



FOOT

will help clarify things for you.

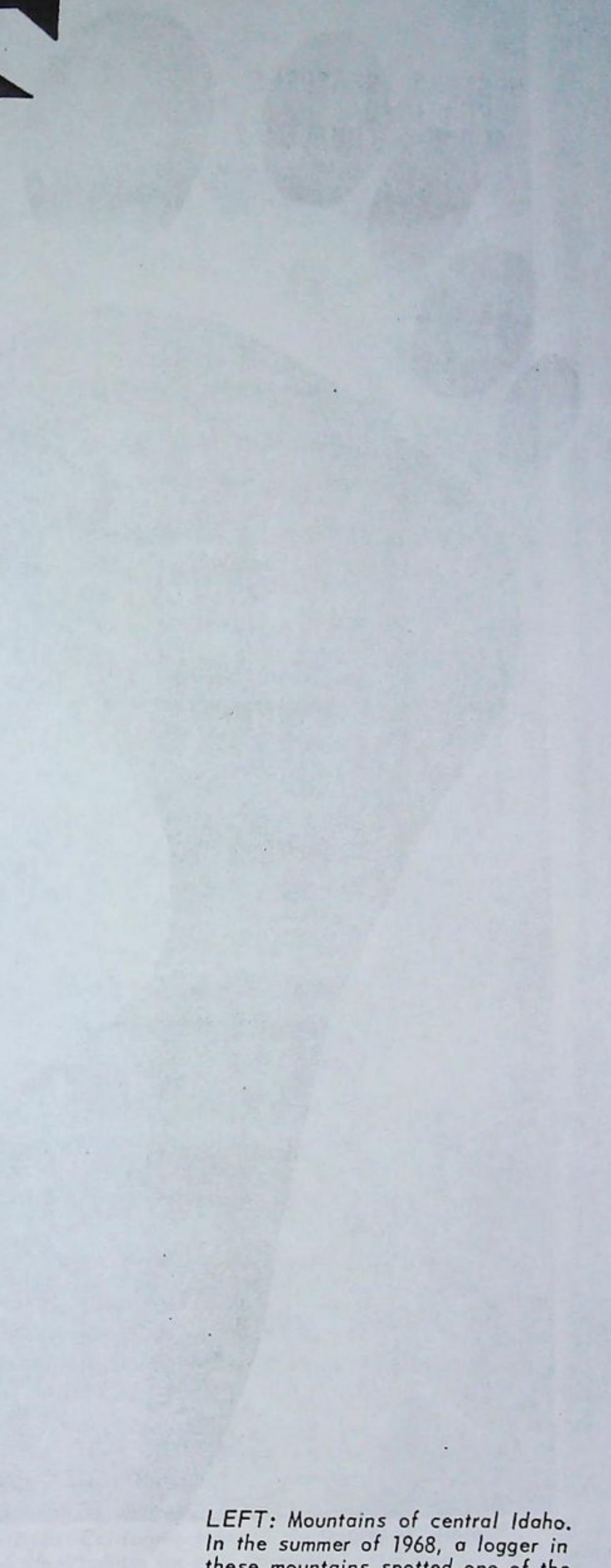
What are the bigfoots? As far as anyone knows, the bigfoot creatures are giant man apes. From all descriptions the adults are about eight feet tall and have a foot length of 16 inches. Hence the name bigfoot. Weight estimations for this animal, as calculated from track depth, has been about 350 pounds for a full sized adult.

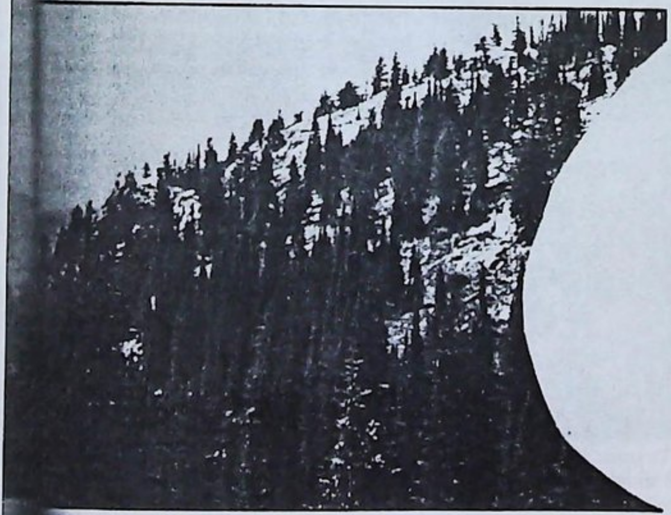
The creature walks upright like man and their measured stride is about 42 inches when walking–65 inches when running. They have rather long arms and no neck. Their head seems to rest on their shoulders. The animals are completely covered with a blakish hair. In Canada these creatures are known as *Sasquatches* (suss-kwatches).

Where have these creatures been seen? The bigfoots have been seen in many parts of the mountain west of the United States and Canada. Most of the sightings in the United States have been near the rugged Klamath River in the upper Northwest corner of California. The most frequent sightings have been made in the Bluff Creek water-shed area which drains into the Klamath River near the town of Orleans, California. It is this area where Roger Patterson made movies of a bigfoot. Many tracks of these creatures have been seen in this area and there was one instance at a road construction site where a bigfoot supposedly tossed a nearly full 55 gallon drum of diesel fuel over into a ravine. He carried the oil drum–there were no drag marks. The creature's strength apparently matches its size.

Bigfoots have also been seen in the Three Sisters area of Oregon and near Mount St. Helens in the state of Washington. In Canada, most of the sightings have been near Vancouver but there have also been some sightings near Fort Simpson in the Northwest Territories.

Last summer while I was camping in central Idaho, I asked several road crew men and forest rangers if they had ever heard of a bigfoot creature. They all told me that two such creatures had been sighted a few weeks earlier, near French Creek in central Idaho. They told me that a logger had been drinking water from a stream, and when he looked up, there





LEFT: Mountains of central Idaho. In the summer of 1968, a logger in these mountains spotted one of the elusive creatures called 'Bigfoot'.

Eastern edge of the Marble Mountain Wilderness area of Northwest California. Many of the reports of 'Bigfoot' sightings come from this rugged location, which would be an ideal habitat for such creatures.

From The Editor

NEW ADDITION TO THE W&ET TEAM

Starting with this issue we have a new editor for our "Treasures in the Headlines" department. Mike McGee has been our faithful and very capable Headlines department editor for over 13 years, but recently decided it was time for him to retire and pass the baton on to the next generation. A close relative and good friend of Mike's, Andrew McGuire, has been under Mike's training for many months. Once Mike thought Andrew was ready to solo, he passed the responsibilities of the column on to him.

All of us at *W&ET* wish you the best, Andrew. Having known you personally for over 17 years, we now look forward to working with you as the new Headlines editor.

We wish you, McGee, a long, healthy, and fulfilling retirement. You have been such a valued member of our Contributing Editors team over the years. You never missed an issue, and in our latest reader poll "Treasures in the Headlines" was again listed as one of the top favorite departments of the magazine.

The Headlines department will continue on in the same spirit it has for over 30 years. From Don Perryman to Mike McGee, and now to Andrew McGuire, the tradition of quality and consistency continues. Please keep sending your treasure-related news clippings to: **W&ET Headlines, P.O. Box 1598, Mercer Island, WA 98040-1598.**

BEST FINDS OF 1999!

Yes, it's that time of year again. The past twelve months have flown by, and it is hard to believe that it is already time to start running the annual Best Finds entry form!

Each year one thing holds true: you all outdo the year before with your Best Finds entries. Let's keep this fun, interesting, and always eagerly awaited tradition going strong! You'll find the criteria for submitting your entry listed, along with some tips and procedures, on the official form on page 21 of this issue.

Remember, you do need to use this entry form to enter your Best Find of 1999, and of course you have the permission of People's Publishing Co., Inc. to photocopy the official form from page 21 of this magazine.

Please be sure to review the official entry form carefully and then start going through your finds made this year. If you'd like to check out past winners, keep in mind that the Best Finds issue used to be our March issue; however, it was changed in 1999 to the April issue. We will continue the April tradition, as the response time and preparation time worked very well last year.

"Hey, mind if I treasure hunt around here?"
Cartoon by Nash Garcia

Thank you for always making this issue one of the most exciting of the year! If you already have what you consider to be a Best Find of 1999, don't hesitate to send in your entry today. As always, we can't wait to get started with your official entry forms!

RURAL TREASURE HUNTING & GHOST TOWNS

There are a number of articles in this issue that follow the Rural Treasure Hunting & Ghost Towns theme. I want to thank all of the freelancers who have followed our Editorial Calendar and sent in special features with the theme for the issue in mind. Your enthusiasm and cooperation have made my job so much more interesting and enjoyable, as we work through the Editorial Calendar together.

Incidentally, our 2000 Editorial Calendar is now available. If you would like to receive a free copy for your own freelance inspiration, or you have a hunting buddy with an interesting story to tell, simply send a SASE to **W&ET Editorial Calendar, P.O. Box 1598, Mercer Island, WA 98040.** We'll make sure you get one right away!

Happy Hunting,

Rosemary

Rosemary Anderson

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THE HUNT SEASON DRAWS TO A CLOSE

There has been a lot of fun and excitement during the spring and summer and it's not over yet. Treasure hunting, and rock and gem clubs have had their annual hunts, or field trips, and from the reports we have received they have been happy, worthwhile events.

Most of the clubs have had special events for the young folks, which is a splendid idea. That's a great way of keeping the family together, and getting youngsters started in a worthwhile hobby.

We would like to offer a "low bow" to the manufacturers, dealers, and publishers, who have provided prizes for these occasions. Most of them are besieged by requests for free merchandise and it is not easy to give away products when business is not good, as has been the case this past year. We hope that the many clubs will remember these donors, in a special way in the future, for their generosity.

As soon as your club sets a date for next year's hunt or field trip, please send it to us so that it may be listed in our Treasure Hunts and Rock & Mineral Shows Calendar, which appears in each issue of *Western & Eastern Treasures*. Listing your date early is important, even if you don't have other details available, because it will help other clubs plan their date, and conflicts of dates can then be avoided.

We'll look forward to hearing from all the clubs soon.

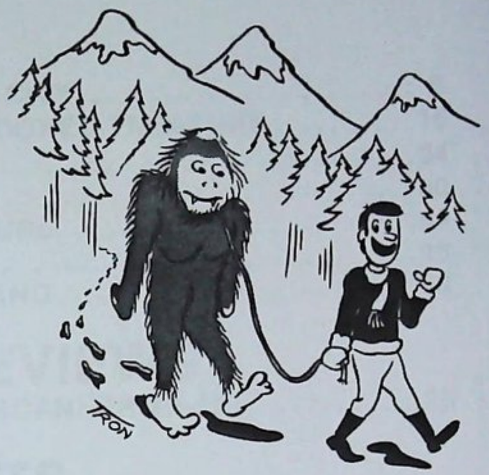
THANKS TO YOU

Each day the mailman delivers a lot of mail to us. It includes subscriptions, renewals, questions, articles, and general correspondence. Often our readers will slip in a little note of appreciation, thanking us for the pleasure they receive from *Western & Eastern Treasures*.

We would like to be able to individually thank each one of you who has written to us, but this is not possible. However, please accept this little note as a big "thank you" for your thoughtfulness and encouragement. We hope all of you will stay in touch with us.

THE NEXT ISSUE

There are many interesting features in store for our readers in the next issue. We feel sure you'll enjoy every one of them. Here's a sampling: "So You Think All the Goodies Are Gone?" "Hunt for Gems," "TH'ers Guide to Florida Forts," "Treasure Hunter's Dictionary," "How to Make a Cross Reference Index," "Don't Let the Mother Lode Fevers Do You In," — and that's just the start.



"Wait until Ray see's my find of the year!"

Don't forget, if you subscribe to *Western & Eastern Treasures*, it's the best way of making sure you'll never miss a single story.

THIS ISSUE'S LAST THOUGHT

Thanksgiving Day is just around the corner, so it's time to pause and remind ourselves how blessed we have been in the past year.

It is true, there have been many disasters that have caused heartaches and a great deal of distress. The floods, fires, mine accidents, and droughts make us realize that tragedy can strike almost without notice. However, there is still a great deal for which we can give thanks.

When our Pilgrim Fathers met together to give thanks for a bountiful harvest, they were well aware of the problems that surrounded them. We, too, know that we live in a troubled world, but we still have a great deal to be thankful for. The poet has suggested, "Count your many blessings, name them one by one," and this seems like an excellent idea to us, not only at Thanksgiving season, but every day of our life.

Best Wishes,

Ray Krupa

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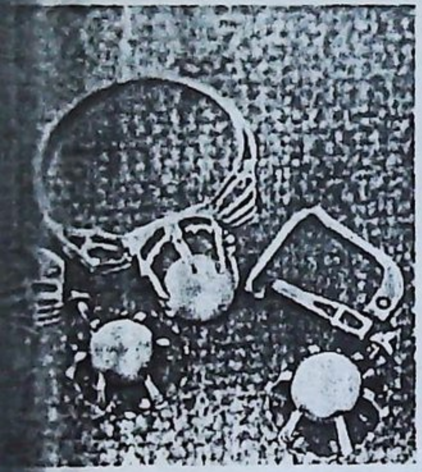

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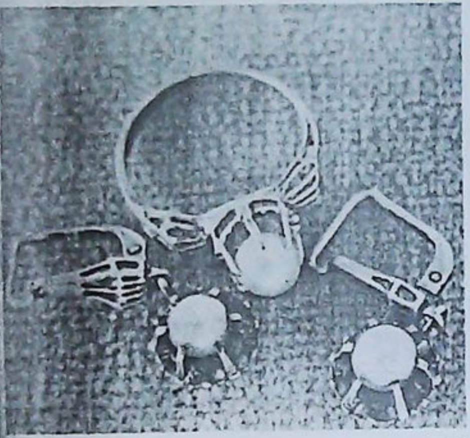

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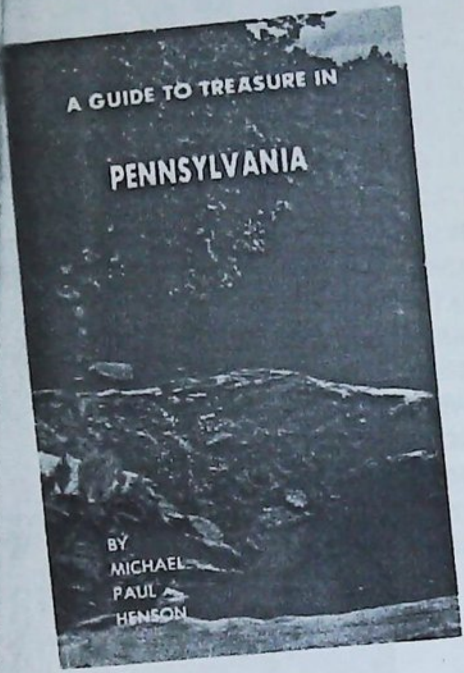
BOOKS TO HELP THE TREASURE HUNTER



A GUIDE TO TREASURE IN PENNSYLVANIA

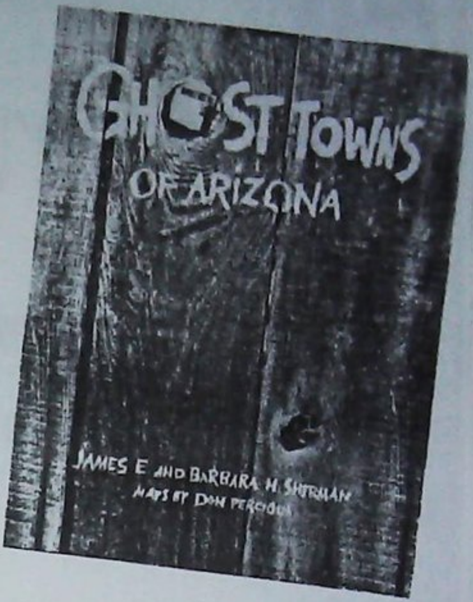
By Michael Paul Henson

Published by True Treasure Library, 801 Juniper Ave., Boulder, CO 80302. Soft cover, 8¼ by 5¼ inches, 108 pages, with maps and B & W photos. Price: $6.95.

In the first few pages of this book, Michael Paul Henson says, "For the treasure or relic hunter, the Keystone State offers almost countless sites of Indian villages, lumber camps, oil and coal 'boom' towns (now ghost or near ghost towns), French, English and Colonial forts, trading posts, and missions, Indian, Civil and Revolutionary War battle sites, ship sinkings on Lake Erie and in the major rivers. For historical sites of the nation's history, Pennsylvania is ranked near the top in importance." Plus, "there are numerous authenticated and documented stories of lost, buried and sunken riches in Pennsylvania dating from 1616 to the present."

From the thousands of relic and cache sites existing in Pennsylvania, Henson has filtered out for this book several hundred of the best. The sites are arranged by county, and for each the author has presented "the most widely accepted narratives and facts that time, research and history will allow." Due to the vagaries of history, some sites are better documented than others. Consequently, the descriptions of the treasures included here vary greatly in length—some requiring pages to tell their stories, others running only a sentence or two. Regardless of length, though, all supply enough detail to give a person a good start on his quest.

Because of the variety of sites listed and Henson's reputation as a careful writer, this book should be in the library of every Pennsylvania treasure hunter, whether he or she be a coin, relic or cache hunter.



GHOST TOWNS OF ARIZONA

By James and Barbara Sherman.

Published by University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. Hard cover (soft cover also available), 11¼ by 8¾ inches, 208 pages, with hundreds of black and white photos and maps. Price: $12.95 for hard cover, $7.95 for soft cover.

This book is virtually one long treasure map, for it accurately pinpoints more than 130 potentially valuable relic sites. The sites are the old mining, milling, river and other ghost towns of Arizona, and for each, the authors supply brief histories fleshed out with facts, photographs and legends. The vividness of these accounts makes the book entertaining to read; plus they can help establish a priority list of places one would like to search first. But of even greater interest, and the thing which distinguishes the book from others of its kind, is the collection of maps included here.

They grew out of the authors' own experiences, when they found it could often be a tricky task to find an obscure ghost town in Arizona's vast expanses. The towns were often in inaccessible locations,and the old roads and landmarks which once led to them had all but disappeared. Anticipating the problems their readers might have finding the places described, the authors commissioned artist Don Percious to draw maps especially for the book. Not only do the maps show where sites lie in relationship to modern highways and other presently existing landmarks, but they also provide township, range and section coordinates for each.

It's both a practical and an exciting book to have, especially when you consider that Arizona Territorial tokens are now selling for $50 or better and that Western relics in general will continue to rise in price for many years to come.

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Our cover: "A skull guards pirate booty, an early photo of a cavern dwelling giant."

NON-FICTION—ALL STORIES ABOUT LOST MINES AND BURIED OR SUNKEN TREASURES TRUE!

LETTERS

just write:

LONG JOHN
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Unusual find

I really shook up several people with an artifact a friend of mine found in Virginia. It is from a Celtic breastplate, circa 300 B.C.

Dr. Barry Fell at the Epigraphic Society in Arlington, Mass., wanted to buy or borrow it. His exact words were, "How the h—l did it get in Virginia? One of these days, Henson, you are going to upset the whole apple cart of scientific knowledge with your research."

That is one trouble with geologists, archaelogists and paleontologists. If something isn't in their books, it can't happen.

Michael Paul Henson
Jeffersonville, Ind.

Michael Paul Henson writes our highly popular question-and-answer column each month—Long John

Likes Lost Treasure

After reading the many back issues of True Treasure and Treasure World, I have compared them to other newer issues of other treasure magazines.

TT and TW, to me, still have the best coverage and bigger selections than all of the other treasure publication.

Mike Anderson
1071 Walnut #30
Justin, Calif. 92680

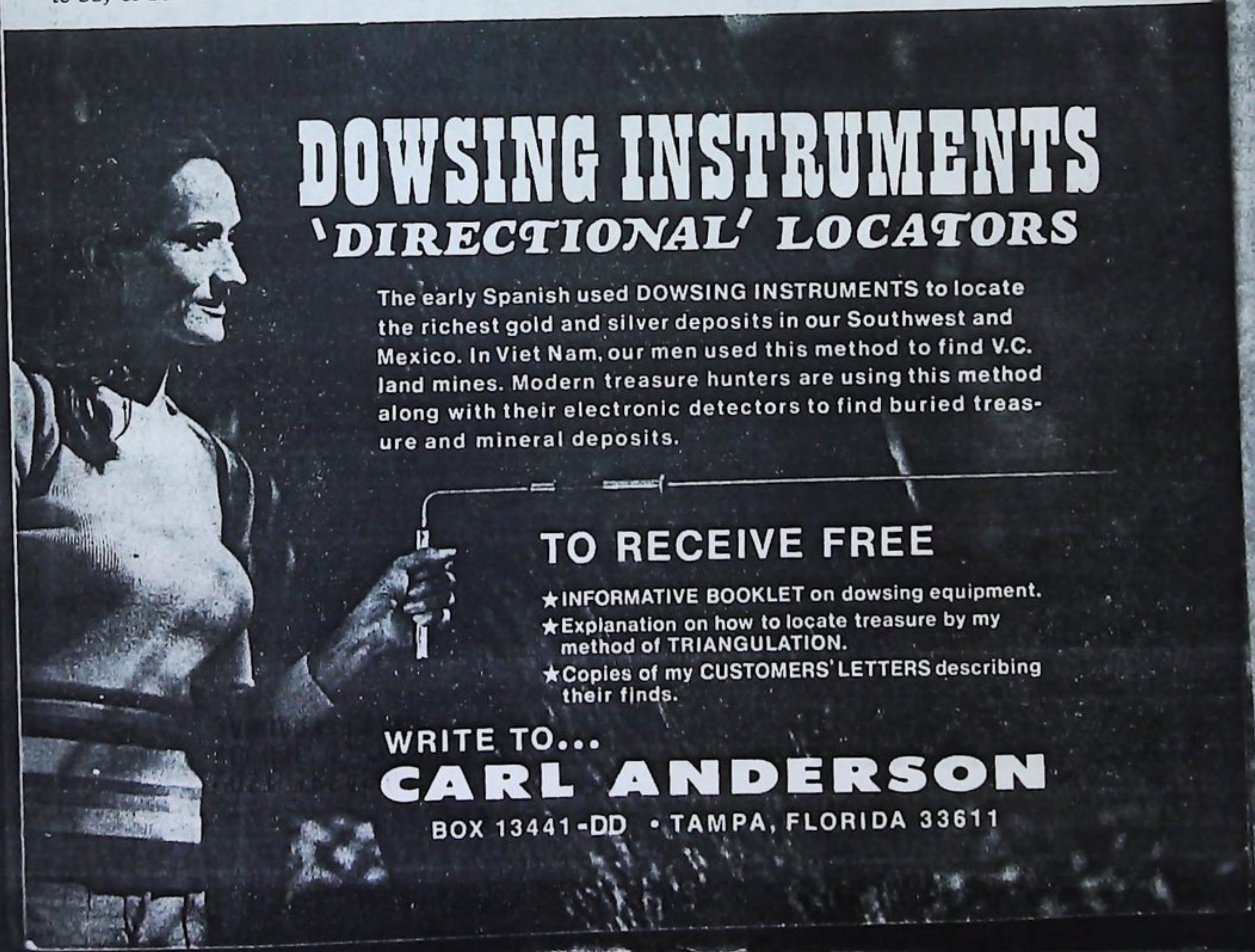
Mike, we appreciate the kind words, and we do still have copies of most of the early issues of True Treasure and Treasure World that were published. These can be ordered very reasonably from our Back Issue Dept., P. O. Box 328, Conroe, Texas 77301—Long John

Cautious?

I am interested in joining a treasure hunting club but I'm also kind of cautious. I have only a hazy idea of what goes on in one. Could you clear up my confusion by telling me what the majority of the clubs do and how they operate?

Scott Thorne
Star Route
Squires, Missouri

Scott, treasure clubs are the pulse and heartbeat of our hobby. A lot of dedicated, unselfish people in the various clubs devote a lot of their time to organizing programs, outings and treasure hunts—for the enjoyment of other members and potential members like you. The meetings themselves are always fun and you'll get a chance to swap leads with other TH'ers, both professional and amateur. You'll learn a lot from the guest speakers. To be candid, you've got much to gain and ab-



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J'S MISSING TRAIN ROBBERY LOOT

MISSING FORTUNE IN LOUISIANA

NEW JERSEY'S MANY TREASURES

CAVERN DWELLING GIANTS OF THE WEST

By JIM MILES

There is evidence that one or more races of giants inhabited the prehistoric west, and that they left behind immense treasures

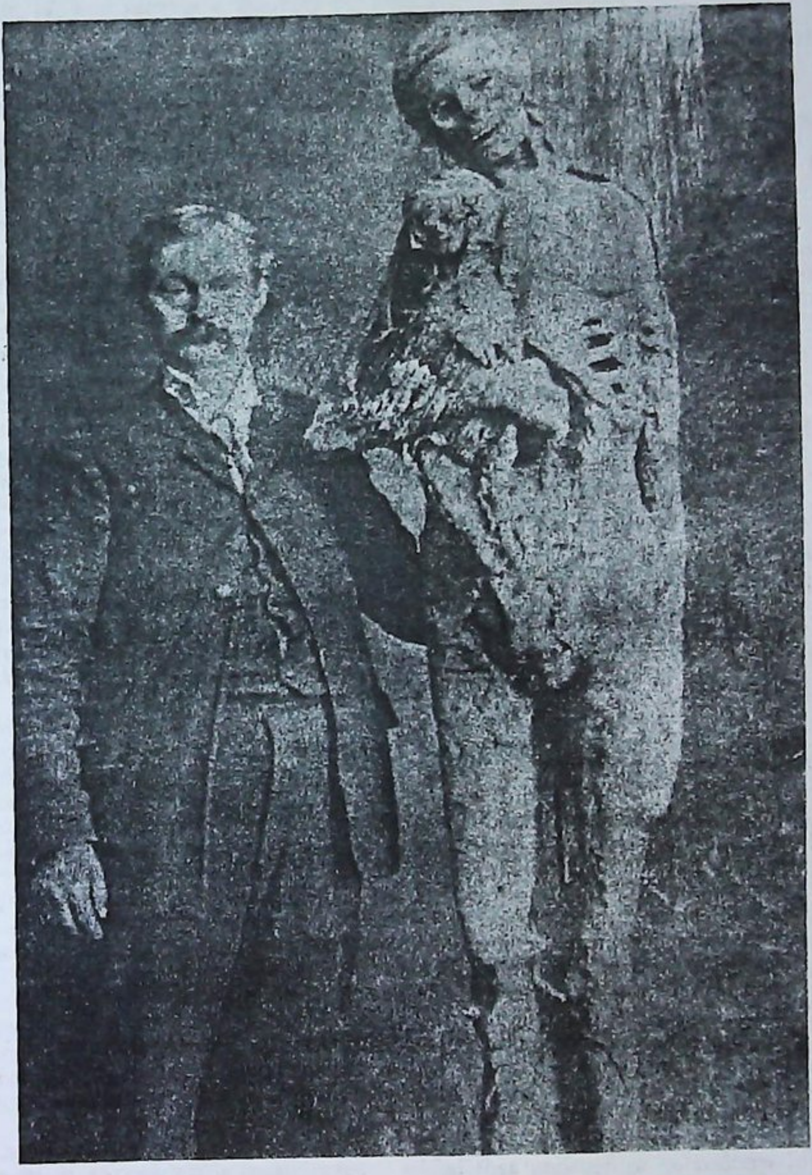
As man's culture becomes increasingly more complex he has an urge to update his superstitions. Today's mythical beast is the unidentified flying object — a mechanical foil for our scientific society. Our technology has replaced the beliefs of an earlier, simpler age when giants and trolls were sufficient mysteries to entertain the dark recesses of our imagination.

But were giants only figments of our ancestor's collective imagination? I have investigated this ancient belief and have found abundant physical evidence that proves giants were not just myths, but real beings. Much of this evidence has been discovered by western prospectors over the past hundred years.

One of the first discoveries of giants was made in the Yosemite Valley in California. In July of 1895, G. L. Martindale was leading a prospecting party through the valley looking for traces of gold and other valuable minerals. They were examining a cliff near Bridlevale Falls when they noticed an unnatural pile of rocks stacked against a sheer wall. Behind these obstructing rocks they found another rock wall, this one demonstrating highly advanced masonry skills. The prospectors quickly demolished the wall in order to get at the treasure they felt certain was hidden behind it.

They were disappointed. There was no treasure, but lying on a ledge within a natural cave they discovered the mummified corpse of a human being which measured six feet, eight inches in length. When a covering of animal skins was removed, they found the mummy to be a woman holding a nursing child to her breast.

Scientists in Los Angeles analyzed the body and concluded that in life the woman had been seven feet tall.



Mummified corpse of a seven-foot-tall woman found in a cave in Yosemite Valley, California. Ancient legends tell of an invasion by giants in this area at an extremely remote date.

Further, she had been a normal person and had not suffered from any glandular disorder which might account for her unusual height. No cause of death for either the woman or her infant could be found.

No other giant remains have been found in the area, but a legend of the ancient Ahwahneechee Indians, who once inhabited the valley, tell of a giant woman named Oleans who killed the natives and feasted on their bodies. She was killed and her body burned at some remote date.

Near Eureka, in Spring Valley, Nevada, in July of 1877, four gold prospectors found the bones of a human leg sticking out of the ground. The bones, neatly sheared four inches above the knee, were solidly embedded in dark red quartzite. The bones were so old they had turned black and were as hard as the rock in which they were fossilized.

As the story spread through newspapers across the country, scholars flocked to examine the bones which had been placed on public display. The bones, complete from the knee joint to the toes, measured 39 inches, which would have made the man in life about ten feet tall.

Jesse J. Benton, in a book he wrote about his experiences in Arizona, describes a skull he uncovered in a cliff dwelling near Winslow. The skull was so large that Benton claimed his hat, a size 7½ Stetson, sat "like one of those top hats merrymakers wear on New Year's Eve." A mammoth skull? Benton adds that the skull had a gold tooth. Positively a human attribute, and a marvel of primitive dentistry.

In "Lost Mines and Hidden Treasure", Leland Lovelace tells a true story about two gold prospectors who stumbled upon a complex of caves and tunnels which had been dug into the mountains of southwestern Nevada. Lighting torches, the men explored the caves and came across stone furniture of immense size. At the end of one tunnel they found an enormous room which turned out to be a dining hall set for giants. Before them stood a huge table, and all around were gold platters and other dishes made of a material the miners could not identify. It later proved to be some type of metal alloy which the men could neither melt nor bend. Deep layers of dust covered the furniture, table and dishes, indicating nothing had been touched for centuries.

In the same region, another tunnel complex was discovered burrowed into the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. In 1904, J. C. Brown found an ancient tunnel cut deep into the hills through solid rock. The tunnel was lined with copper plates and shields, with gold ornaments hanging from the walls. Rooms deep within the mountain contained the same articles, although some of these were engraved with a flowing brand of artwork and hieroglyphics. Evidently the residents of this vast underground city had met a sudden, violent death, for the cave floors were strewn with the bones of gigantic men.

Brown left the caves and waited until 1934 to attempt a recovery of the treasures. On this trip, he mysteriously disappeared in the dessert.

There is one other instance in which giant remains were discovered in a vast tunnel-cavern complex. For this bizarre incident we return to California.

On August 4, 1946, Howard E. Hill of Los Angeles appeared before a meeting of the Transportation Club and made a startling announcement. He said an associate of his had discovered the remains of an ancient civilization whose citizens averaged between eight and nine feet in height. The associate, identified as a retired doctor from Cincinnati, Ohio, made his find near the Arizona-Nevada-California line, somewhere in the Colorado Desert. On the preceding day, Hill said, the associate had removed several preserved mummies from an extensive cavern system which covered an area of 180 square miles. Hill stated:

"These giants are clothed in garments consisting of a medium length jacket and trouser extending slightly below the knees. The texture of the material is said to resemble sheepskin, but obviously it was taken from an animal unknown today."

Hill estimated the age of this find at 80,000 years.

By August 1, many scientists nationwide had expressed skepticism at the claims of the now identified (and retired) Cincinnati, Ohio, doctor, Russell F. Bruce, and Hill, his press agent. Scientists referred to the claims, if you will pardon the pun, as a "tall tale."

However, Hill now claimed that Dr. Russell would soon lead an expedition to conduct a more extensive and thorough exploration of the caverns.

A few days later Dr. Bruce, now identified by the press as a retired Los Angeles psycho-analyst, defended his story against scientists who doubted it. He also said his discovery was that of the Lost Kingdom of Mu, and promised a tour of the area would soon be given to newsmen and scientists. Dr. Russell added that universities he had contacted had given him a cold shoulder but gracefully refrained

Giant skeletons have been found in pueblos like this in Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. In 1877, in Spring Valley, Nevada, prospectors found the fossilized leg bones of a man that measured 39 inches from the knee joint to the toes. The man would have stood approximately 10 feet tall in life.

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"We know the proof is there," he said calmly.

Two weeks after he started the international uproar, Hill and the elusive Bruce both showed up to speak to the Kiwanis Club on August 28. Among other things, Hill claimed, "Masonry was at the beginning of the world," and "the entire history of the Bible will be justified in the recently found California caverns."

Hill appeared as confident and exuberant as ever, and said the cavern empire was located south of the Panamit Mountain range. He also said: "Masonic symbols, a Masonic lodge hall, and Masonic signets have already been found."

Mr. Hill and a Viola V. Petitt, an archaeologist from London University, both spoke before the club and described "cold fire" which still burned underground. They claimed their find was between "50,000 to 152,000 years old."

Hill then said that hieroglyphic writing had been found, belonging to "the people of the lost race of Mu." He described the clothing and size and number of the mummies the expedition had uncovered so far. He said the mummies were eight feet in height, and their footprints measured 22 inches long and 10

GIANTS continued

inches across. "If the people of this lost race were to wear a modern shoe, it would require a No. 33 triple E," he said.

Two members of the party which had previously entered the caverns fled in terror when "they heard music, laughter, and talk, and could not be persuaded to ever enter the caves again." Hill and Bruce both told of "activity" they had witnessed in the tunnels, first discovered 17 years before by Russell.

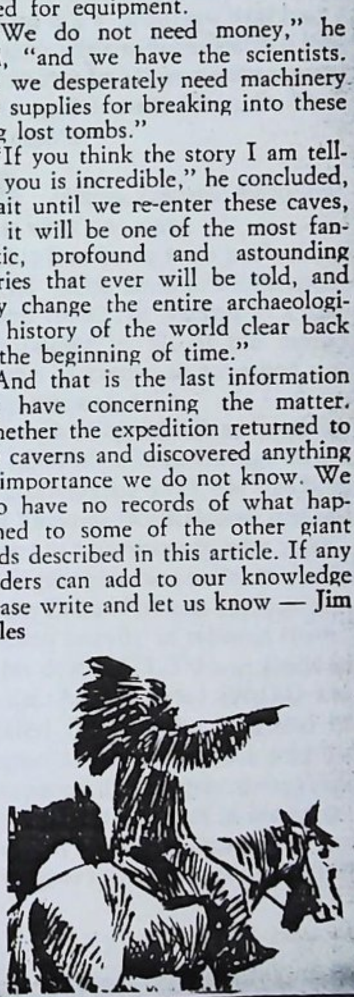
The caverns lay 80 miles southeast of the Panamits and are made of 32 caves, they reported, many still unentered at that time. The caves had been carved from solid rock and the inhabitants had been killed, "possibly by an atomic explosion, as the entire area is covered with a diffused green glaze." Presumably, the surface area of Mu was devestated by the atomic catastrophe and subsequently natural calamities.

An expedition was planned to leave San Fernando shortly and Hill asked for equipment.

"We do not need money," he said, "and we have the scientists. But we desperately need machinery and supplies for breaking into these long lost tombs."

"If you think the story I am telling you is incredible," he concluded, "wait until we re-enter these caves, for it will be one of the most fantastic, profound and astounding stories that ever will be told, and may change the entire archaeological history of the world clear back to the beginning of time."

And that is the last information we have concerning the matter. Whether the expedition returned to the caverns and discovered anything of importance we do not know. We also have no records of what happened to some of the other giant finds described in this article. If any readers can add to our knowledge please write and let us know — **Jim Miles**



On one occasion she told him that she had several pots of silver coins buried around her house.

SILVER MOLLY'S POTS OF SILVER

By ROBERT C. MILLS

Across the road from Mt. Pleasant High School in Marshall County, Mississippi, one can see the ruins of an old house. It was in former days — the late 1800's — quite a showplace, and it served as the residence of Mrs. Molly Benton in Mt. Pleasant,, Mississippi.

Mrs. Benton owned a large lumber mill near Holly Springs, the county seat, a few miles to the southeast. This brought her considerable wealth and allowed her to indulge in her hobby — you might even say love — of collecting silver coins. Being in business, all of her deals were transacted for silver. This is how she came to be known as "Silver Molly".

She liked to brag about the large amount of silver coinage she had accumulated. She had a brother by the name of Hugh Benton who also lived in the area, and on one occasion she told him that she had several pots of silver coins buried around her house.

On April 16, 1897, Silver Molly was attempting to cross the flooding waters of Cold Water Creek, which runs through Mt. Pleasant. Her buggy was overturned and she was drowned. Her body was recovered later.

Her brother had no idea where she had buried the caches of silver except "around the house." He must have been pretty well fixed financially, for he made no effort to search for them.

This property is now in pasture and should be a good search site, since the grass is kept low by grazing cattle. I'm not sure who owns the property now, but it would not be too hard to locate the owner. This old silver would sure be worth a heap today. Maybe you would like to look for one or more of Silver Molly's pots of coins — Robert C. Mills

Her brother had no idea where the drowned woman had buried the caches of silver except "around the house"

Questions & Answers

By Michael Paul Henson

WHEN IT COMES TO MONEY ...

The following is unusual in that it is two questions, one on each end of a controversial subject — money. James Price of Philadelphia, PA., writes and asks, "Who was the wealthiest miser in history and what wealthy person gave away the most money?"

James, I quote the following from the book, *Wealth and Poverty.*

"Greatest Miser — If meanness is measurable as a ratio between expendable assets and expenditure then Henrietta (Hetty) Howland Green of New York City (1835-1916), who kept a balance of over $31,400,000 in one bank alone, was the all-time world champion miser. She was so stingy that her son had to have his leg amputated because of the delays in finding a free medical clinic. She herself lived off cold oatmeal because she was too thrifty to heat it. After she died, her estate proved to be worth $95 million."

"Greatest Bequests — The greatest bequests in the lifetime of a millionaire were those of the late John Davison Rockefeller (1839-1937), who gave away sums totaling $750 million."

Q What is the story, briefly, on the John Boggs treasure near Searcy, Arkansas? I plan on spending a vacation in the area soon and need any information I can get. Timothy Wright, Memphis, Tennessee.

A Timothy, here is what I have. In 1852, a prosperous Mississippi cotton planter named John Boggs sold his holdings and moved to the Ozark Mountains and settled on a tract of land about ten miles north of Searcy, Arkansas. Boggs soon increased his fortune to $40,000. He always refused to sell any produce unless he was paid in gold and it was this obsession that also caused him to keep all his money on the farm.

In 1862, when the Civil War caused bands of straggling soldiers of both armies to run over and pillage his farm, Boggs decided to bury his money. According to his family, Boggs put his savings into fruit jars. One he filled with silver and one he filled with gold coins. He decided to bury these in a freshly plowed garden.

Due to his fear of the soldiers and guerrillas, it was after dark when he buried the coins. Because of this same fear, Boggs made no attempt to dig up the caches until after the war. He did try, but he could never locate them. Local research says they are still there.

Q Do you have any information on an island in Lake Champlain where a treasure cache was made during the Revolutionary War? Warren Farrar, Waterbury, Vermont.

A Warren, hope this helps. A story of buried treasure in Lake Champlain concerns Gardiner's Island, located off Long Point in Addison County. After Ethan Allen's capture of Fort Ticonderoga during the Revolutionary War, several British soldiers who had escaped were seen carrying a heavy box onto Gardiner's Island. They left without it and naturally, it has always been presumed that the box contained treasure. A great deal of digging has been done for the chest, but so far as it is known, it has never been located. This is private land, so permission to search will have to be obtained.

Q How man caches did the female rustler, Ella Watson, make in Wyoming? Allen Fender, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

A Ella Watson and Jim Averill were hanged in a gulch near the old Bothwell Ranch in Sweetwater County, Wyoming in 1899. They met their fate under mysterious circumstances. Whether the lynching was intentional or not is still debated among Wyoming cattlemen.

However, no one disputes that with their deaths no one remained who knew where the pair had cached $10,000 to $50,000 in gold and silver which they had accumulated from stolen cattle deals.

The valuable caches, exact number unknown, have lured treasure hunters over the years, but not one is known to have been uncovered. The sites of both Averill's saloon and Ella's ranch would be good places to start looking.

Q Do you have any information on a TV program that had a treasure site connected with it that was shown in Minneapolis several years ago? Juanita Olson, St. Paul, Minnesota.

A Juanita, I assume the following is what you want.

This lead came from a television special which aired in Minneapolis during 1978. The interest to a treasure hunter is, all of the money Wagner is known to have had was never accounted for.

Joseph Wagner left an estate of $121,000 when he died at age 86 in a car crash during 1973. He was born near Yankton, North Dakota, and had moved to Minnesota in later years.

Wagner became a boiler inspector for the Great Northern Railroad and invested heavily in railroad stocks. At his death, $25,000 was found in his car. An additional $96,000 was located in a bank. A friend of Wagner's, John Anderson, told the newspapers that Wagner always kept large amounts of cash in his home, however, none was found there.

Wagner never married and had no

LITTLE KNOWN TREASURE TROVES

BY HOWARD M. DUFFY

One of the many sources of treasure troves is old houses. A good example of this became evident a short while ago in Wausau, Wisconsin where a lady made a successful bid on an old home, complete with furnishings. It was being sold to settle an estate.

OLD HOUSE YIELDS TROVES

After the sale, while going through the home, she found small amounts of money. Five dollars here, a dollar there. She found $32 worth of silver certificate bills among the tablecloths.

The new owner began hearing reports that others, too, had found money in the house, in jars. "Rumors, nothing more," she thought.

The carpeting in the living room had to be replaced, so the lady rolled up the old carpet. Fate teased again. She found $290. While she was rolling the carpet still further, its backing suddenly split. There between the carpet and the backing a large number of bills became exposed—about $8,000 in all.

"It's really a freaky thing," she said. "I checked everywhere after that. If there was any more money, I guess I would have found it."

FOUR OUT STANDING CACHES ON DRUMMOND ISLAND

As long as we are discussing Michigan treasure, it would be worth our while to check out Drummond Island, off Chippewa County at the northern end of Lake Huron. This island extends about 12 miles from north to south, and 20 miles east to west at its widest point. Of importance to us is that it is the source of at least four treasure tales.

One tale, remarkably similar to that concerning Francois Fontenoy, pertains to another French fur trader who established a trading post on Drummond Island during the 1750s. As time went on, he became mentally unbalanced. During one of his more disturbed days he lugged a pot of gold coins into the woods and secreted it. When his family discovered that the trader's fortune was missing, they questioned him at length about it, but the old fellow refused to reveal the location of his cache, going to his grave with his secret.

This island was a hub of British military activity in 1813 when the Redcoats built another fort there. General Monk was in charge of the army funds which were kept in an iron chest. As was the custom in those early days, Monk buried the pay chest for safekeeping. Perhaps the rigors of military life on the frontier were too much for General Monk, for he eventually became hopelessly insane and would not, or could not, tell where the chest was hidden.

The British abandoned the fort in 1828 and were forced to leave without their pay chest. Apparently it is still where Monk stashed it. Old Fort Drummond consisted of 14 buildings located on the southwestern promontory of the island, two miles from the channel landing. There are still traces of foundation walls, chimneys and fireplaces remaining by the natural parade ground and the old fort's cemetery.

The British had previously occupied Drummond Island in the 1760s, and there is another old story of a couple of enlisted men's having stolen the garrison's payroll at that time. According to old accounts, it was the soldiers' plan to hide on the densely wooded island with their loot until search efforts would be abandoned. This seemed like a good plan until the commandant of the fort announced a reward of $20 in gold for the heads of the thieves. This inspired two Indians to track down the miscreants, and a few days later they returned to the fort with the thieves' severed heads—but not the payroll. A further search had no success.

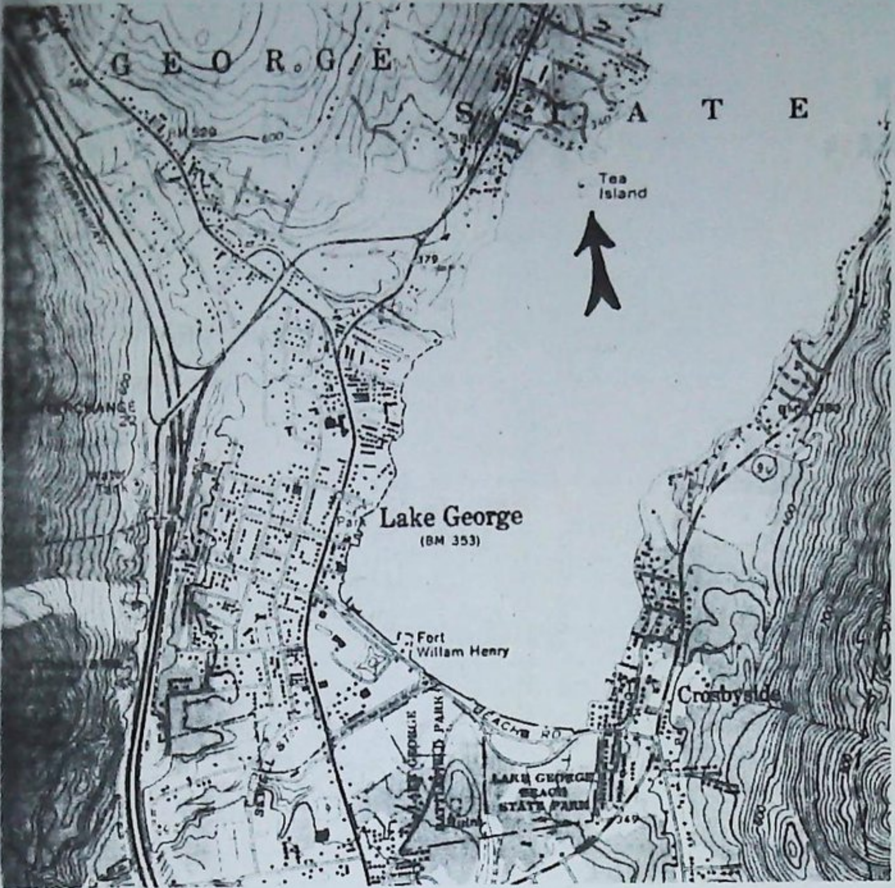
Potagannissing Bay, on the west side of Drummond Island, is also the reported site of another treasure—$55,000 in gold coins. The circumstances of how and when this trove was lost are very obscure. In any case, four lost caches within the area of Drummond Island are enough to entice the adventurous treasure hunter.

NEW YORK'S MISSING ARMY PAYROLL

Did you ever hear of Tea Island? It's a tiny island—"only as big as your hand"—nestling in Lake George in the mountainous area of northeastern New York State. It holds a treasure dating back in history to the French and Indian War.

As this tale goes, General James Abercromby's combined British and Colonial forces had portaged a fleet of small boats from the upper Hudson River overland to Lake George during the summer of 1758. Their objective was to attack the French bastion of Fort Carillon at the southern tip of Lake Champlain. This fortress was later called Fort Ticonderoga.

Abercromby commanded over 12,000 troops aboard almost 900 boats. At Carillon, the French commander Marquis de Montcalm had only 3,500 men and a dwindling supply of rations. Shortly after ordering his army northward on Lake George, Abercromby



Tiny Tea Island, just north of the town of Lake George on the lake of the same name, is the location of General James Abercromby's two treasure chests.

halted at Tea Island, July 5, 1758, where he buried a couple of chests of valuables for safekeeping before the impending encounter with the French. The nature and quantity of these valuables is unknown, but it has always been rumored to have been a fairly large treasure—perhaps the payroll for Abercromby's 12,000 troops.

After hiding this trove the army proceeded up Lake George to disembark at its northern extremity and march overland to attack the French bastion. It so happened that Fort Carillon was too small to effectively accommodate Montcalm's 3,500 soldiers. As a consequence, the French commander had rapidly built a wall of thick logs across the neck of the peninsula upon which the fortress was situated.

The ensuing battle was a disaster for the combined British-American forces. Hurling themselves recklessly against the impenetrable log wall, they suffered 1,610 killed, wounded and missing, while the French lost but 377 behind the safety of the wall.

Dismayed and disheartened, Abercromby's whipped army fled to their boats and confusedly rowed back to the safety of the southern end of Lake George. They bypassed Tea Island without halting to recover their treasure. Their only thought was to place as many miles as possible between themselves and the victorious Frenchmen. To this day there is no report of Abercromby's treasure having been recovered.

BRASS KETTLE HOARD IN MICHIGAN

Let's move out to Michigan and explore another treasure site. Old Francois Fontenoy, an Indian trader, buried a brass kettle full of gold coins on Wayne County's Presque Isle in the Detroit River. Many years ago the old Frenchman had amassed a fortune in the fur trade. Like so many wealthy men of his time, he buried his fortune in the ground for safekeeping. Old records of the Northwest Territory mention this treasure, but little is known about it.

THE OLD WELL'S GOLD AND SILVER COINS

Another treasure tale comes out of the same region. In August, 1759, a year following Abercromby's ignominious defeat, the British sent another army under Major General Jeffrey Amherst to take Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga). This time the British offensive was better planned and coordinated. The result was that the French were outmaneuvered, causing them to blow up the fort, then race 13 miles northward on Lake Champlain to Crown Point where they had previously established Fort St. Frederic.

After resting and regrouping his forces, Amherst set off to attack the French at their new location. A new French commandant, Brigadier Bourlamaque, did not wish to have his small garrison attempt to repulse the superior might of the British regulars and American militia—so Fort St. Frederic was also evacuated and blown up.

Before touching off the powder charge, Bourlamaque gathered up money and bullion, burying it in the northwest cornor of the bastion. The late treasure authority Thomas Penfield claimed it was mixed treasure of mostly gold and silver coins. Another source has it that the trove was dumped into a 90-foot-deep well and covered over.

Over a century ago a group of 50 men undertook to clear the well, pushing their investigations into various parts of the demolished fortress and over surrounding fields. They found quantities of lead and iron—but no treasure. We'll never know what happened to the old cache until some lucky, and skillful, treasure hunter comes up with a hoard of ancient coins.

Good hunting!

THE PROCESSION NUMBERED SEVERAL THOUSAND

When a cold and wet stranger showed William Downie golden nuggets as big as pigeon eggs, the gold camp historian could hardly believe his eyes.

soon left the city and headed back to the gold fields, determined to find a grubstake and to relocate the Gold Lake.

Not long afterwards, Stoddard showed up at Nevada City leading a party of twenty-five men. By this time, however, his name, story, and purpose were known in every gold camp in California, and a crowd of over five hundred unwelcome followers soon trailed the gold searching party. And by the time Stoddard and his party neared the suspected region of Gold Lake, the straggling procession numbered several thousand.

It was mid-June when the group finally reached the towering Sierra buttes and the many lakes that dotted the countryside. There were so many, in fact, that Stoddard didn't know which way to turn. Lake after lake was inspected, but the answer was always the same: no gold.

While the stragglers thought Stoddard's failures were only tricks to throw them off the scent, the men of his own weary group became suspicious and eventually disgusted. Finally they went to Stoddard's tent and gave him an ultimatum. They were tired of his crazy meanderings, and either he would lead them to Gold Lake within the next twenty-four hours, or they would hang him on the nearest tree. Due to someone's grim humor, the location where this occurred was called Last Chance Valley.

Realizing that he had little hope of finding Gold Lake again, and having no desire to be presented with a rope necktie, Stoddard quietly slipped out of camp that night and disappeared. Nothing more was heard of him until September 12, 1861, when he showed up on the courthouse steps of Sonora, California, as a volunteer for service in the Civil War. As a member of the volunteer group, "Tuolumne County Rangers," he was sent to Camp Alert at San Francisco and mustered into the U.S. Army. He was never seen in that locale again.

LAKE MAKES HEADLINES

California newspapers (*Sacramento Daily Transcript, Sacramento Placer Times, Marysville Herald,* and *Alta California*) gave Gold Lake ample coverage. On June 17, 1850, for example, the *Daily Transcript* reported that the discovery had "created great excitement," and that "large numbers of people and businessmen have left for Gold Lake." According to the article, Marysville had just about become a ghost town. "When the boat *Governor Dana* reached Marysville," said the *Transcript,* "there was no throng of people as is usual on her arrival at the landing and it is said that one thousand people have left that town on account of the reports. Mules and other pack animals have suddenly risen in value."

LASSEN AND RECORDED FINDS

One of those who followed the Stoddard episode with avid interest was Peter Lassen, one of early California's most respected pioneers and trailblazers. Founder of the Lassen Trail, a cutoff for emigrants on the road to California, Lassen left his name on more natural features than any other man in California history, a county, national forest, mountain, national park, and other landmarks being named after him.

Finally Lassen could no longer resist the lure of Gold Lake, and on July 14, 1850, set out with a large party to look for the fantastic site himself. But although the old pioneer searched for several months, finding and naming a lot of lakes no one knew existed, he did not find the lost golden wonder for which he thirsted.

In the records of Lassen's surveyor, Captain J. Golsborough Bruff of the Washington City and California Mining Association, appear several reports of men who did find Gold Lake. Cited in Bruff's book, *Gold Rush,* these show that:

An unidentified man and his five comrades found the lake, in a deep basin formed by high mountains, near the headwaters of the Yuba River. The lake was lined by golden pebbles and the man gathered $30,000 worth himself. At the same time, however, Indians attacked the little group and killed all his friends. He alone escaped, and by traveling at night and hiding by day, managed to follow the Yuba to safety. Unable to bring the gold with him, he cached most of it and brought out only a small supply of flawless nuggets.

A young man named Gibbs from Boston accompanied his uncle, a government surveyor, to California where the two men formed a small party and set out into the Sacramento Valley. After crossing the Pitt River, the men continued east until coming upon the lake, surrounded by great mountains. Towering over the lake were three impressive granite buttes. But these natural wonders weren't half as impressive as the gold nuggets the men found along the lake's shores and on its crystal bottom. Within two hours Gibbs alone leisurely picked up $5,000 worth of choice nuggets, ranging in size from marbles to walnuts. Then, suddenly, a small band of Indians attacked the group and several of the men were wounded, forcing the party to return to civilization. Gibbs and his uncle returned to Boston with plans to secure quartz-crushing machinery to take to the site the next season. Here the record ends. What became of these two men and their plans is not known.

Luckily enough, one man who found Gold Lake was capable of writing about it himself. That man was Doctor Joseph C. Tucker, surgeon of the ship

(Continued on page 64)

filed slowly back to town where Marks revealed what he had done—and barely escaped with his life.

STODDARD'S LAST CHANCE

While Marks was floundering around in the wilderness, Thomas Stoddard, the most famous of all participants in the Gold Lake drama, was arriving on the scene. A number of western historical works, like Robert Welles Ritchie's *Hell Roarin' Forty-Niners,* tell Stoddard's part.

It was a raw night in the early spring of 1850, and a group of lonely miners were gathered in Bill McGhee's tent saloon in Downie's Flat, a ramshackle gold camp on the Yuba River. A steady drizzle had been falling all day and a biting wind had arrived with nightfall. As a result, the weather was fast becoming miserably cold, and the one big pot-bellied stove in the room seemed to be fighting a losing battle.

Around eight o'clock the flimsy saloon door wobbled open and a tall stranger came in. The man was soaked and half frozen, but after giving him a quick glance, the men went back to their card games and drinking. Strangers in this neck of the woods, half-frozen or otherwise, were a dime a dozen.

In one man, however, the red-faced bewhiskered newcomer struck a responsive chord. That man was Major William Downie for whom Downieville, California, was later named. Downie later wrote of Stoddard in his flats camp history, *Hunting for Gold.* Downie invited the stranger to a seat at his table, brought him food and drink, and, as the two men began talking, soon found himself listening, spellbound, to an oddly exciting story.

The stranger said his name was Thomas Rogers Stoddard, a forty-seven-year-old ex-captain in the English Royal Navy. Once out of service, he had immigrated to Philadelphia. There he had made a deal with an inventor named William Fife, who had designed a machine called "Fife's Gold and Gem Separator." Stoddard bought the rights for a general agency, taking the machine to California in the fall of 1849 and trying to sell it. The machine had been a miserable failure, and so he joined a wagon train headed for the gold fields.

At Humboldt Basin, however, someone told the wagon master of a new and easier route over the mountains—the Jim Beckworth Pass—and the outfit took this trail. Then farther up north at Big Meadows, the little band of settlers ran out of meat. Stoddard, a skilled rifleman, volunteered to take one man, a friend cited in records only as Compton, and go to search the nearby hills for deer.

The two men became hopelessly lost and wandered for several days among strange mountain peaks. Finally they came upon a small stream which Stoddard thought might be the Rio de las Plumas—Feather River—and the two men followed this for awhile until they came to a small lake, approximately fifteen acres in size.

The water in that lake was icy cold, and when the two men lay on their bellies to drink, they saw gold nuggets lying in the moss at the water's edge: not five or ten or even a handful, but hundreds, just waiting to be picked up.

Excited beyond words, the men went to work. First, they crammed their pockets full. Then they filled up the hunting sack Stoddard was carrying. Finally they were so loaded down with gold they could hardly walk. After memorizing identifying features of nearby peaks, and taking a good look at the surrounding countryside, they set out to follow a nearby stream, hoping it would lead to a mining camp. But they ran into bad luck instead, because the next day they were attacked by a band of Indians.

Stoddard paused for a moment with his storytelling and hung his head. Without looking up he told Major Downie how he had run like a dog with its tail between its legs, leaving his friend to fend for himself. What had happened to Compton? He didn't know. The gold in the sack was weighing him down, so he threw some of it away. Then he had thrown it all away, and most of what was in his pockets, too.

He didn't remember exactly what happened after that. He was lost in a strange country, practically freezing at night, with nothing to eat for days but roots and grubs. Then, by the grace of God, he had come upon Downie's place.

Stoddard stopped and for a full minute looked straight into Downie's face. Then he reached into the pocket of his wet coat, slowly withdrew his hand, and thrust it forward under Downie's eyes.

"My story's true," he said, "but this is all I've got to prove it." Slowly he opened his hand. On his outstretched palm lay a half dozen water-worn nuggets of pure gold.

Downie's blood raced. He couldn't take his eyes off the beautiful nuggets, the size of pigeon eggs. If there were as many of these lying around the lake as Stoddard claimed, the find would be worth millions.

Trying not to be obvious, Downie began to press Stoddard for details. But the ex-naval captain suddenly became quiet.

"I've got to be going," he finally said, "to look for my friend. Before the Indian attack we both agreed that if we became separated for some reason, we would head for San Francisco and meet there. I'm sure I can find him and next spring we'll go back and find that lake again."

Stoddard remained in Downie's Flat overnight, then left for San Francisco. But after searching around the bay city for several weeks, he became convinced that his companion had been killed by the Indians. Disconsolate, he

Author of Recollections of California Mining Life, Henry DeGroot was just one of early California's pioneers who got involved in the Gold Lake search.

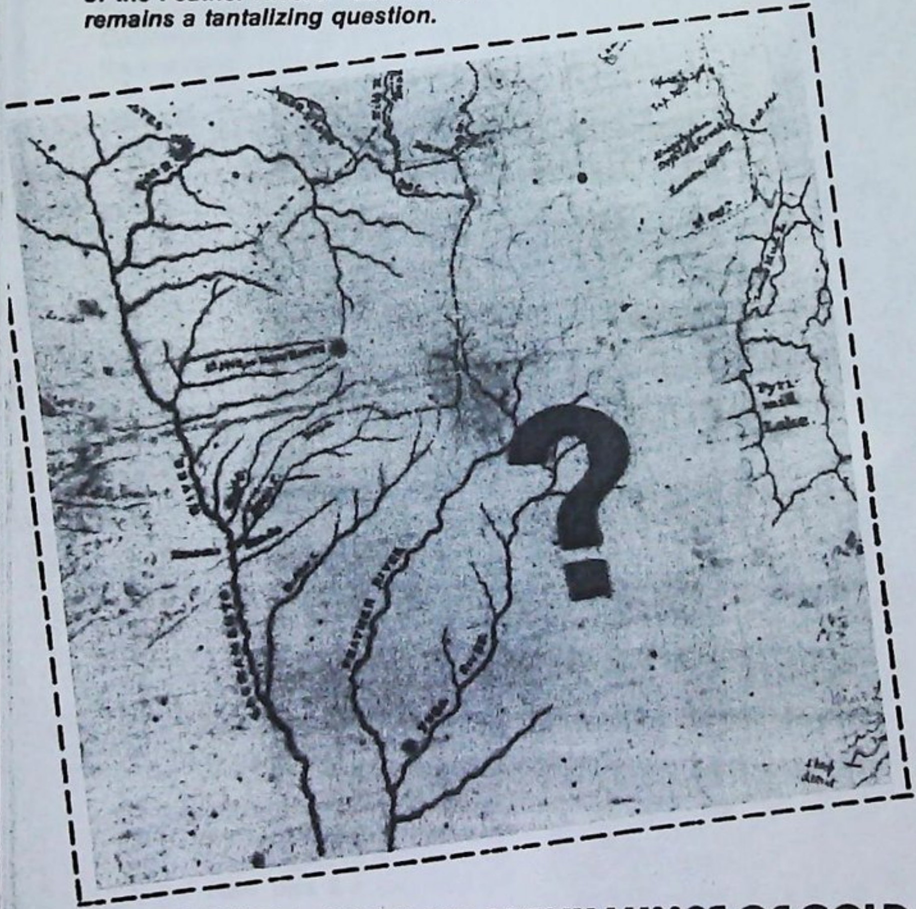
O MEN HADN'T KNOWN WHICH ONES TO GRAB FIRST

Lake arrived from South America. According to the reports, in 1849 a cargo ship out of Valparaiso, Chile, had docked at San Francisco, and the ship's captain, when offered a good price for the vessel, had promptly sold her. The crew, among them a black steward, had been well paid and dismissed. The captain and his young son took one good look at early California, didn't like what they saw, and returned to Chile.

Months later, on a street in Valparaiso, the captain's son happened to run into the former steward. Surprised at the apparent affluence of the man, the son guessed that a rich relative had left him a fortune. The steward laughed, then told the son his story. From San Francisco he had gone on to Sacramento and there, in a dingy saloon, he had heard about the fabulous lake.

The thought of getting rich had raced like fire through his brain, and before long he persuaded another man to go with him to look for the lake.

Gold Lake was said to lie somewhere "north of the Yùba and east of the Feather Rivers." Just where remains a tantalizing question.



By following exactly the description of the route in the story, he and his partner had succeeded in finding the fantastic site. There had been so many lumps of gold there, he said, that the two men hadn't known which ones to grab first. After their excitement had died down, they had packed up all the gold they could carry and had set out for Marysville, a mining center 52 miles north of Sacramento. There they stayed for a week, splurging some of their newly acquired wealth, and afterwards the steward had returned to San Francisco for passage back to South America.

When the ex-steward's story reached Marysville, the residents there nodded their heads in affirmation. Yes, they said, there had been two extremely wealthy blacks who had shown up in town the year before, stayed a few days, then departed. And during this time they had spent money as if it were water.

THE INDIAN'S PRESENT

About the same time the people of Marysville were agog over this news, another Gold Lake episode was taking place north of the Yuba River. The country there was so wild and rough that few white men were foolish enough to remain in the area very long. But there were exceptions, and one of these was a strange man who is known in early gold country history only as Marks. One day an unarmed Indian brave came into Marks' river camp and asked for something to eat. Marks obligingly fed the half-starved man, and in return the grateful Indian opened the buckskin pouch he was carrying and showed him what Marks later described as "some of the most beautiful gold nuggets I'd ever saw."

Marks didn't know much of the Indian's language, but he did know enough to put him through a fairly reasonable interrogation of grunts and signs. As a result, he discovered that the Indian had picked up the nuggets by a lake lying between the Feather and Yuba Rivers.

After learning this, Marks became so excited he didn't know what to do. He had heard of the Gold Lake—who hadn't?—and now here he was face to face with a man who had been there. But try as he might, he couldn't get the Indian to lead him to the spot.

Long after the brave departed, Marks sat staring into the embers of his fire. He felt sure he knew the location of the lake the Indian had mentioned, and that with a little grubstake he could find it. Finally he decided to go down to the settlements and approach an old friend, John Rose, for help. Rose was an influential man, yet Marks was afraid he might be turned down, so he changed the story, telling Rose that he himself had found Gold Lake, but had been driven away by marauding Indians before he could gather any of the gold nuggets that were lying around.

Apparently an accomplished liar, Marks had no difficulty putting his story across. Soon Rose had recruited thirty men and had amassed gear and provisions for the trip. Then, with Marks as guide, the group took off. Although Marks had no difficulty leading the party to the general area the Indian had described, he simply could not find Gold Lake. And just like the DeGroot party, the men found a score of lakes, but not the right one. Finally Marks had no alternative but to admit defeat. Bitterly disappointed, the group

THERE HAD BEEN SO MANY LUMPS OF GOLD THERE, THAT THE TWO MEN

THE LAKE WAS LINED WITH GOLD PEBBLES AND THE MAN GATHERED $30,000 WORTH HIMSELF

A'S GOLD LAKE

for them. He listened anxiously to the story, grew disappointed with each word, and finally became furious. As soon as possible he angrily confronted Greenwood with what had happened. But the old man just shook his head. "The gold's up there," he calmly insisted. "I guess my boy Johnnie just got mixed up somewhere on the wrong trail."

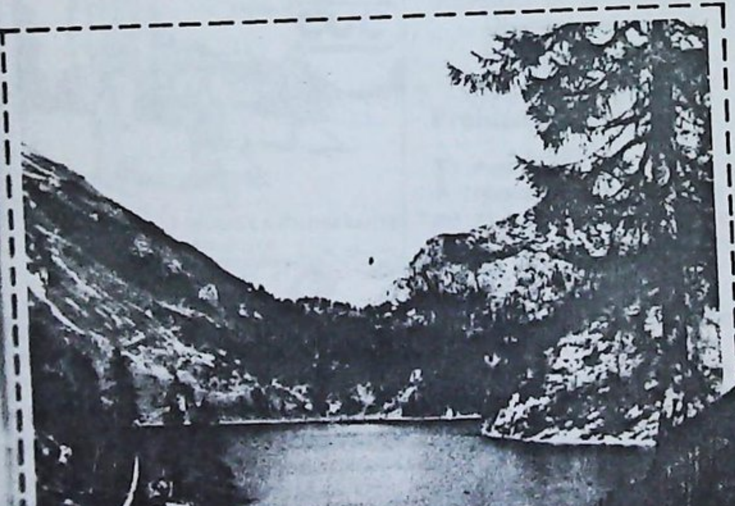
Following the episode both Greenwood and DeGroot vanished from the Gold Lake scene, but not from California history. Charles Kelly's *Old Greenwood* gives an accurate account of Caleb's adventures, while DeGroot's personal *Recollections of California Mining Life* vividly relates the events of the era.

In a matter of weeks the thirteen men who had gone fortune hunting began to spread the word of Gold Lake wherever they went. As a result the lake soon became a household word throughout the California gold fields, and elsewhere as well.

LUMPS OF GOLD

An example of the latter occurred in early 1850 when exciting news of Gold

By
Al Masters



Despite the fact that no gold nuggets were lying around, in the early 1900s some began to believe that Round Lake was the lost lake of gold.

One of the more noted of the Gold Lake searchers was Peter Lassen, early California pioneer.

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There are better treasure magazines on the market than yours. Yours are so phony anyone can see they are. Anyone with an education, that is. So the only people you are taking are the suckers. People who never got out of the first grade.

I could give you some good tips, but you won't listen. You are too interested in publishing garbage.

Disappointed in
Globe, Arizona

Prehistoric giants

I would like to appeal to your treasure-hunting readers to aid me in my research. I am currently writing a book about prehistoric giants which inhabited ancient America 3,000 years ago. My research, though extensive, has barely scratched the surface.

I therefore ask the thousands of readers of Lost Treasure to write me if they have unearthed unusually large Indian skeletons in their digs, or if you have found references to giants in old newspapers, journals and books. I would like complete details, authentication, and if possible photographs.

Your help will be appreciated.
Jim Miles

Editor's note — Trouble is, Author Miles gave us no return address. But it sounds like a fascinating undertaking, and the end result could be a most interesting book— Long John

Hits a real hot spot

I have been coinshooting for about two years now, and feel the hobby of treasure hunting is tops. I have over the last eight weekends hit a real hot spot. I work through the week so I can coinshoot on Saturday and Sunday.

Due to a very dry season in our area, many lakes have dropped as much as 12 ft. in depth. One where I have been shallow-water coinshooting has given up an incredible 2,031 coins, 71 rings, 12 religious medals and assorted other jewelry, along with thousands of hooks and sinkers.

I have found 10, 12, 14 and 18 karat gold rings, one diamond, one ruby, one emerald and two sapphires. I have also found numerous wedding bands, both gold and sterling silver.

The lake has been in use since 1915. I spend six to eight hours in the water. It is backbreaking, but well worth it.

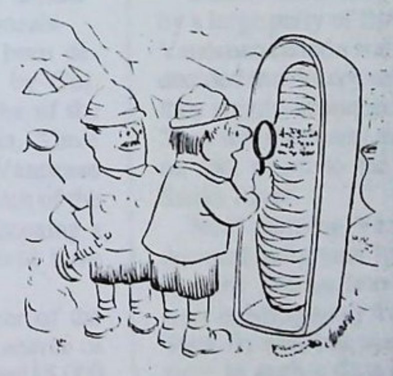
Z. P.
P. O. Box 972
San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401

Tough on tourists

Under the new state law, if a tourist comes to Colorado and puts a gold pan in a creek or chips a crystal off Pikes Peak, the fine is a minimum of $100 per day for not having a license.

This is another way for the state to get more money from the tourists.

Hugh H. Hokenstad
211 Illinois Ave.
Manitou Springs, Colo. 80829

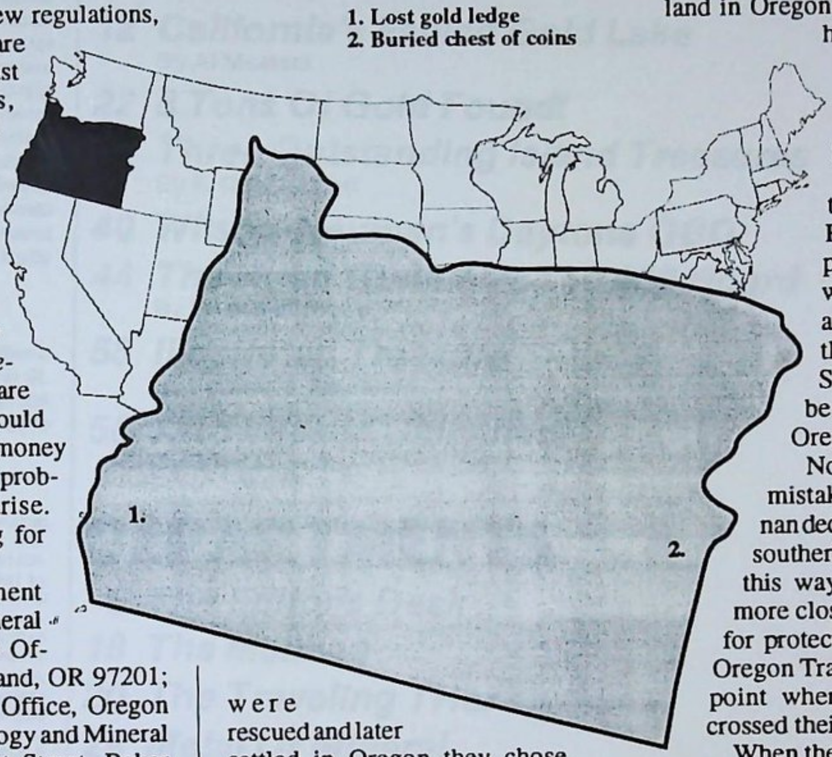


"Roughly translated, it says, 'Call back later. I'm all tied up.'"

by Michael Paul Henson

Memories and dreams can be very important because sometimes they are all we have. But remember, both are like fragile paper, easily torn.

Hidden Treasure in Oregon



1) With all the new regulations, rules and laws that are being passed against treasure hunters, detectorists need all the current information they can get. For those planning to search for gold in Oregon, the booklets, Bulletin #61, *Gold and Silver in Oregon* and *Recreational Gold Packet* are invaluable. They could save a person time, money and help one avoid problems that could arise. Write the following for details and prices:

Oregon Department of Geology and Mineral Industry, 910 State Office Building, Portland, OR 97201; or the Baker Field Office, Oregon Department of Geology and Mineral Industry, 1831 First Street, Baker City, Oregon 97814.

2) Very few people know about the Vanornan pioneer party that were forced into cannibalism in Oregon in 1860, and of the chest of money their leader buried.

In 1860, a train of eight wagons, led by Alexis Vanornan left southern Wisconsin to resettle in Oregon. Perhaps they intended to establish a new religious community. If so, this plan was apparently discarded after the details of their acts of cannibalism reached the general public.

After the remaining 15 persons were rescued and later settled in Oregon they chose destinations far apart and denied participation in the grisly meals.

The Oregon Trail had been declared safe for passage by Col. George Wright, commander of the U. S. army in that district. There seems little doubt that if Vanornan had followed the normal path of the Oregon Trail instead of choosing a detour, their suffering could have been avoided.

Alexis Vanornan, master of the wagon train, is the major source of the buried treasure. He carried $5,000 in gold coins entrusted to him by his brother Wilhelm for the purchase of land in Oregon. Vanornan himself had an equal amount of his own money, plus that of other members of the party.

When the wagon train reached Fort Hall in Idaho, the party rested for a week. Several days after leaving Fort Hall they arrived at the Snake River. It had to be forded to follow the Oregon Trail.

Now the first deadly mistake was made. Vanornan decided to take the more southerly bypass route. In this way they could follow more closely the Snake River for protection, then rejoin the Oregon Trail at a more westerly point where the Snake again crossed their original path.

When the little group reached Sucker Creek they were attacked by a large party of Binnack Indians. Vanornan called a war council. They decided that to appease the savages they should abandon their wagons. They left them and made their way on foot down to the banks of the Snake River.

Next morning Vanornan led his doomed party west in an attempt to fool the Indians into thinking they were heading away from the Oregon Trail. By this time many of the party were in such a state of deprivation and exhaustion that they could not go on. They were left on the eastern

Treasure SEARCH

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CALIFORNIA
FABLED

Somewhere among the towering white granite buttes of northeastern California's great Sierra Nevada range lies a fifteen-acre glacial lake whose rocky shores and shallow bottom are paved with gold! And the gold at this fantastic site is of such high-grade quality and so readily available that within a few minutes one can literally pick up a small fortune. Furthermore, with proper mining equipment, a multimillion dollar return can be realized.

Although its existence has been well documented by Western historians, there is one small catch in the get-rich-quick scheme: no one alive today knows exactly where this amazing lake is located. Although found several times during the mid-nineteenth century—and lost again—the lake's hiding place has defied rediscovery since 1850. Known simply in early mining circles as "Gold Lake," there seems little doubt that if it were found today, the man who stumbled upon this treasure wouldn't have to worry about money for the rest of his life!

MONSTER OF YELLOW LAKE

It was in the early 1840s that California mountain men first began to hear about a mysterious "yellow" lake lying somewhere in a secluded spot in the high Sierra. According to friendly Indians, a small unidentified granite-bound body of water was located there in a little valley where white men had never been. Near this lake lived a strange monster that was so horrible that men of all tribes, no matter how courageous, shunned the area like the plague.

Some people didn't believe the Indians, but many did, among them a group of rough and rugged mountaineers who, believing the "yellow" lake to mean a rich gold site, set out to see for themselves the unknown monster and the strange lake that lay somewhere "north of the Yuba and east of the Feather Rivers." But their year-long search among the tall dark forests and immense rocky domes of the high Sierra went unrewarded. The lake wasn't found, nor was the monster.

In "Confirming the Gold Discovery," in *Century Magazine* in 1890, E.C. Kemble told of once hearing the same tale from an old Indian Chief who warned him not to look for the precious metal.

"Gold runs all through these mountains," the old chief said, "but it belongs to a terrible demon who eats all those who search for it. This demon lives by a lake in the mountains, a lake whose shores are lined with gold."

CALEB/DeGROOT EXPEDITION

After several years the strange stories faded away. Then, in the spring of 1849, an old man named Caleb Greenwood came down out of the mountains to visit a place called Old Dry Diggin's, the site of a recent gold strike. Later to be renamed Hangtown because so many gold rush outlaws were being strung up there, today the town is called Placerville and is the seat of Eldorado County. Caleb, known to most people as "old Greenwood," was the son of a wealthy Virginia planter and had been a well-known guide and hunter in his younger days. Now in his eighties, he was content to relax around the foothills cabin where he lived with some of his children.

Greenwood's arrival at Old Dry Diggin's coincided with a small gold strike by several miners. But when one gleeful miner ran up and shoved a handful of what he called "beautiful nuggets" into Caleb's face, the old man was unimpressed and simply snorted.

"Them things ain't nothin' to get upset about," he said scornfully. "Why, I know a place where nuggets bigger'n walnuts are layin' all over the ground, just waitin' for somebody to pick 'em up. Last year me and some of my young'ns was camped out up in the high hills where there's a bunch of lakes. The whole ground around one of them lakes was just covered with gold nuggets. The kids was playin' with 'em all the time, but they didn't mean nothin' to me. No gold does."

The old man began to laugh and just then a younger man pushed his way through the crowd and confronted him.

"Can you lead the way to this lake of gold?" he asked. "My name's Henry DeGroot and I sure would like to see this gold lake you're talking about."

Old Caleb studied DeGroot for a minute. "My boy Johnnie knows where this lake is," he said, "and if you'll pay him for his trouble, why I'm sure he'll be glad to take you up there."

This statement, made before a bunch a gold-hungry prospectors, was like waving a red flag in front of a bull. Within seconds all thirteen of the miners present were ready to go. Agreeing that DeGroot would be the party's leader, and Johnnie Greenwood the guide, the men quickly prepared for the fortune-finding expedition. When departure time finally came, however, DeGroot was unable to go. But determined not to lose his share in the venture, he sent a young sailor in his place, a Norwegian who had jumped ship in San Francisco.

For one long month the Gold Lake party slogged through the mountains of the upper Sierra. Scores of lakes were found, but none was the right one. Frustration grew and tempers flared until finally, with provisions running low, the decision was made to return home.

When the party reached Old Dry Diggin's again, DeGroot was waiting

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GOLD LAKE

(Continued from page 16)

Tarolinta. In his book *To The Golden Goal*, Doctor Tucker tells how he and his partners found Gold Lake, brought out several mule-loads of nuggets which were cached, then later recovered and taken to Marysville in 1850. Doctor Tucker's account runs to 161 pages, much too long to be recounted here. Unfortunately, he gives no clue as to the location of the lake.

IS ROUNDLAKE THE FABLED SITE?

As suddenly as it had begun, the mad desire for Gold Lake disappeared, as great gold strikes were made elsewhere. Over fifty years passed; then, in the early 1900s, the belief grew that Round Lake, near the adjoining borders of Plumas and Sierra Counties, was the lost Sierra prize. In 1915 the Round Lake Mining Company of San Francisco erected an ore stamping mill at this site and ran an incline shaft west under the lake. According to a December 1918 California mining report, *Mines and Mineral Resources of Plumas County*, a free vein of gold, ranging from four to fifteen feet wide, existed there. No ore had been brought out at publication date, however, and apparently none ever was.

Years passed until 1935, when the Ready Bullion Mining Company of Sacramento built a $100,000 ore stamping mill at the lake and ran a four-hundred-foot incline shaft under it. On Sunday, September 22, 1935, shortly after the mill was completed, fire broke out in an old cookhouse on the property and in just thirty minutes all of the mine buildings, and even the timbers in the shaft, were reduced to charred fragments.

Since then an occasional searching party has dared the rugged Sierra terrain, but without success. Recently asked about the possibility of searchers finding Gold Lake again, geologist William B. Clark of California Division of Mines and Geology pointed out that the story of the lake is well known, and said: "Hope springs eternal, especially in the breast of a gold prospector."

At this point one thing seems doubly certain. If and when the lost golden lake of the high Sierra is finally discovered, whoever does the finding will hit a jackpot worth millions. ☐

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bank of the Owyhee River, west of Sucker Creek in what is now Malheur County.

Vanornan now made his fatal decision; he and his family and the able-bodied men proceeded alone to see if they could get help. They apparently reached the Burnt River where it joins the Oregon Trail. This is where their mutilated bodies were later found by U. S. soldiers.

Meanwhile, back at the camp of the starving, exhausted settlers, a decision was made to eat the bodies of those that had most recently died. Later, a rescue party arrived.

Among the effects of the wagon master, Vanornan, was found a letter which, when examined at a much later date was found to contain information describing the burial of all the wealth entrusted to his care by the group soon after he had left the camp along the eastern bank of the Owyhee River.

The letter stated that as soon as his scouting party had reached the western side of the river across from the pitiful camp of survivors he sought some place to hide the money. He selected a large rock that came to a point and marked his initials A. V. upon it. He said the initials were cut deep and the money was buried beside the rock.

No attempt was made to recover the buried chest of coins. The letter describing the event was not read until several months later when Mary Myers, who had settled in Medford, Oregon, finally had time to examine the belongings of Alexis Vanornan which had been entrusted to her care by the soldiers.

Out of disgust because of the cannibalism, Mary never mentioned this information to anyone. It wasn't until many years later that the letter telling of the buried money was found among Mary's belongings.

Very few people know of this cache and even fewer have searched for it.

SOURCES:

Ellison, Okey. Researcher and author. Auburn, CA 95603.

Oregon Department of Geology and Mineral Industry. 910 State Office Building. Portland, Oregon 97201.

Prospectors Guide. A treasure hunting publication. Oct.-Nov. 1961.

Southern Oregon Historical Society. Jacksonville, OR 97530.

White's Discovery. Tabloid. Vol. 4. Fourth Quarter. 1979.

***Author's Note:** For those interested, I have 20 typewritten pages of research information on the state of Oregon which I can photocopy. Send $5.00 (postpaid) to: Michael Paul Henson, Box 980, Jeffersonville, IN 47131-0980.* LT

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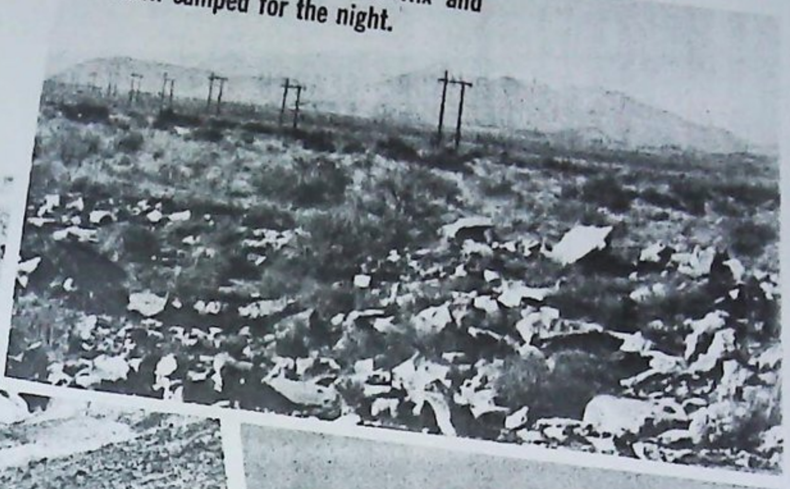
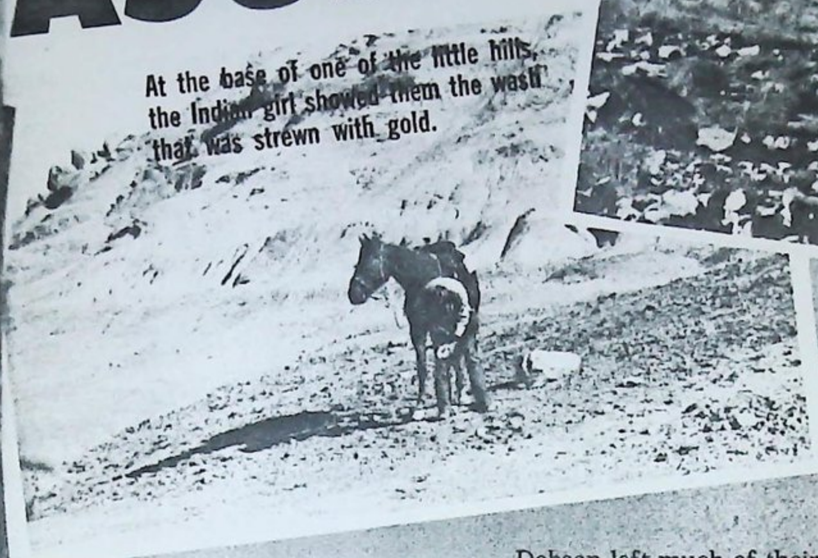
BY C. KUTAC

EASURE



San Francisco Peaks, where Hix and Dobson camped for the night.



At the base of one of the little hills, the Indian girl showed them the wash that was strewn with gold.

ows, more than once, she claimed to see a "manlike creature" slipping from bush to bush, as it watched them. It ran on two feet like a man, yet was hairy and crouched like an animal, too, at times. She glanced so often behind her that soon she had Hix and Dobson throwing an occasional look back over their shoulder for the creature that was supposed to be stalking them. Still, Hix and Dobson never saw anything unusual at all . . . at least not then.

The party crossed the surging Little Colorado River and continued northeastward. True to her word, the Indian girl knew the country like we know our own backyard and with little hesitation, or wandering about, she picked a way that led from waterhole to waterhole. However, one night they made camp at the edge of a barren, treeless area that was devoid of vegetation of any kind. She pointed across the arid land to a mountain beyond, "That's where the gold nuggets will be found." She added that they must travel light and carry water as there was none to be found in the barren stretch that lay between them and the mountain.

Heeding her warning, Hix and Dobson left much of their gear at camp when they headed towards the mountain next morning. It took them two days to reach the foot of the mountain, and during that time they had the feeling they were being watched. Often, the girl glanced back over her shoulder, saying that she heard the sound of someone following them. Whether they actually heard noises or whether they were just reacting to the Indian girl's fear is anyone's guess, but before they had reached the foot of the mountain, Hix and Dobson were convinced that something was following them.

However, as soon as they reached the toe of the mountain, they quickly forgot about the strange noises that had dogged their footsteps across the waterless stretch, for the girl led them to a spot where she pointed out bits of gold, gleaming in the sand.

While the girl made a dry camp, the two men tried to follow the rich float to its source, for surely there must be a vein of it higher up the mountain side. As the men climbed steadily, stopping only to pick up nuggets of gold, they heard the girl's screams, echoing up from where she had set up camp. The two men rushed headlong down the slope, and found the girl was nearly hysterical. Someone had been sneaking around their camp; she had seen a figure out of the corner of her eye.

The men scouted around the camp, but couldn't see any living creature, so they figured she had just imagined the whole thing. After all, they both knew that no one could live in that desolate wasteland, so they didn't really believe they were in any danger.

That night a weird sound came drifting down the side of the hill above camp, but neither Hix, Dobson, nor the girl could identify the noise. It was like nothing else they had ever heard before, halfway between a scream and a moan, and it was impossible to tell if it was made by a human or an animal.

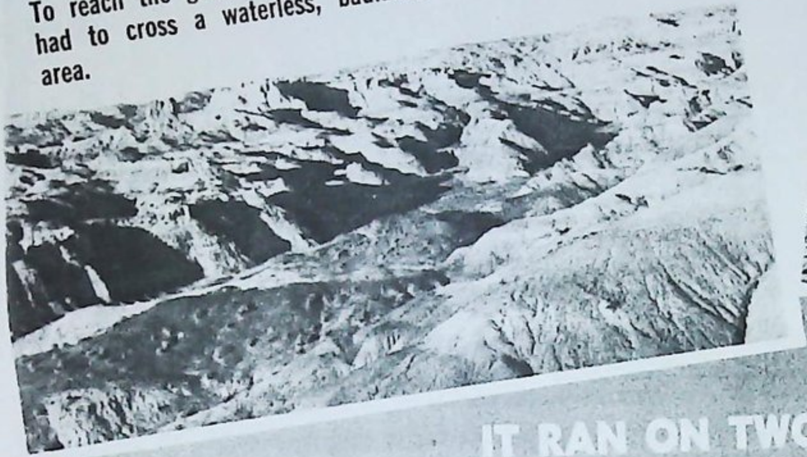
The following morning, all three left camp and spent the day gathering the gleaming gold nuggets. Dobson soon tired of that and concentrated on searching for the vein that the gold nuggets had crumbled from, but he never found it.

That night everyone was dead tired from working so hard all day, but they were unable to sleep because of the same mournful sound that came from a nearby hill. It continued throughout most of the night, and they all were as exhausted when morning came as they had been when they went to bed the night before.

Hix and Dobson hadn't been awake very long when they noticed that the donkeys were gone —they had been set loose on purpose. Next they made a terrifying

THE DISAPPEARING MOUNTAIN TREA

To reach the gold, Dobson and Hix had to cross a waterless, badlands area.



From an Indian village such as this one came the girl who guided the pair to the gold.

IT RAN ON TWO FEET LIKE A MAN, YET IT WAS HAIRY AND CROUCHED LIKE AN ANIMAL AS IT FOLLOWED THE TREASURE HUNTERS ACROSS THE WASTELAND

There's many tales about treasures lost and treasures found, but there is not one that's stranger than the tale told by John Hix. According to him, he lost not only the treasure but the entire mountainpeak as well—and he claims that he wasn't lost either, it was just that the mountain disappeared.

John's story starts when he arrived in Arizona in 1872, fresh from Missouri. Through a stroke of luck, he met up with a crackerjack prospector by the name of Dobson, called Jackass by his friends. John Hix was an open, friendly type of guy, certainly not one to beat around the bush, so he just blurted out that he wanted Dobson to go prospecting with him. Dobson had nothing better to do at the moment and agreed to go with John.

Dobson led the way north across the desert and up the rugged Mogollon Rim. When the two men topped out, they were at the edge of a piney forest that stretched for miles. Continuing northward, Hix and Dobson reached Flagstaff and the nearby San Francisco Peaks and made camp there for the one night.

Traveling northeast until they reached the Grand Falls of the Little Colorado River, Dobson and Hix followed the river for awhile. Somewhere not too far out of Flagstaff, Dobson took a short detour from his route to ride into a small Indian village.

The Indians greeted the six-foot Dobson with open friendliness and acted as if they were genuinely glad to see him. After sharing food with the Indians, Dobson spoke at length with them, and eventually one dusky maiden agreed to accompany them and point out the spot along a dry steam bed where they could find much gold. She claimed, in all sincerity, that some of the nuggets were as big as a man's thumb.

Although Dobson hadn't asked how he would feel about bringing along the Indian girl, Hix soon found that there was a distinct advantage to having female company, for, in addition to acting as guide for them, she was a good cook and tended to the gathering of the firewood too.

However there was one thing about the girl that was puzzling to Hix and Dobson, for throughout their trek across the wasteland, the girl claimed to hear sounds, as if someone were following them. Too, she heard a soft sound, like soothing talk, or was it simply the wind? In the evening shad-

ISAPPEARING MOUNTAIN TREASURE

discovery, one that proved someone was out not only to scare them but to kill them if possible. During the night, someone had crept into camp and slashed all the water bags, all except the one that had been close by the sleeping men.

Now their time was fast running out, for they had no water and it was a two day journey back to the waterhole across the wasteland. To stay where they were meant sure death, and walking used even more water.

So it was decided that Hix and the girl should rest at the dry camp, and Dobson would walk out to the water hole since he was an old desert rat and knew the ways of the desert almost as well as the Indian girl.

Dobson left that evening, hoping to travel as far as he could in the cool of the night, so his body wouldn't use up as much water. Early the next morning, Hix slowly gathered gold nuggets while the girl rested. They carefully rationed the one water bag that Dobson had insisted on leaving with them.

Days dragged by, one after another, and by the eighth day, Hix and the girl had finished the last few swallows of water; their water bag was empty. Dobson still had not returned, so Hix and the girl started out in the direction of the waterhole. The girl quickly weakened, and Hix went on without her, vowing to bring water back to her.

Eventually Hix found the same waterhole where they had lightened their load and filled their canteens before their trip across the wasteland to the mountain. By the tracks a round the camp and the waterhole, Hix could see quite plainly that Dobson had not been there to get water.

Puzzled, Hix shouldered his water bag and started back for the girl, but he was unable to find her. He searched desperately, backtracking and circling, but he didn't have that much time to waste, so he went to the Indian village. He was greeted warmly and the men of the village were eager to go out and help search for the girl; after all, wasn't she one of their own?

Starting at the waterhole, Hix and the Indians spread out and combed the vast area and still they didn't find a trace of the girl. They did, however, come across the body of Dobson, who had been shot twice in the back.

The thing that bothered Hix was that he was unable to see the mountain where they had gathered the gold nuggets, even though it had been plainly visible when the Indian girl had pointed it out from the last waterhole before entering the wasteland. Hix had hoped that if he saw the mountain he could orient himself and be able to find the spot where he had left the girl.

IT WAS ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE HIX DOUBT HIS OWN SANITY

Once or twice in his searching, Hix recognized a ravine that was near their old camp, but he didn't know which way to go from there because he could not see the mountain where they had found the gold nuggets. Worse than that was the fact that the entire landscape looked different to him. Where there had been washes and ravines before, now there was a vast flat that stretched out for miles.

Hix was beginning to wonder if perhaps he was mistaken about the area and was looking for the mountain in the wrong place, when suddenly, by accident, he came across their old camp. He saw the tracks, the campfire, and some of the odds and ends that they had left behind.

Now Hix knew exactly where he was in relation to the mountain where the gold nuggets were. Glancing up, Hix could not at first comprehend what he saw, because the entire mountain was not there; it was gone, just disappeared. And with it had gone all the gleaming nuggets that were scattered on its slopes.

A completely beaten man because of the hardships he had been through, including the death of his partner Dobson and the disappearance of both the girl and the mountain, Hix left the country. He never did return to search for gold, because the whole affair was just too puzzling to figure out.

He often thought of the string of events that led up to Dobson's death, and when he thought about the disappearing mountain with the gold nuggets, he knew that most people didn't believe his story. Many thought that wandering around in the heat with not enough water had addled him, and he was recalling a hallucination.

It was almost enough to make Hix doubt his own sanity, except for the fact that he had proof that the mountain had existed in a handful of nuggets that he had gathered, himself, from its slopes.

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[illegible] THE PARTY SPREAD OUT [illegible] THE VAST AREA AND [illegible] DOBSON, WHO HAD BEEN SHOT [illegible] IN THE BACK

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Strange Treasures

By Michael Paul Henson

1) In 1951, Robert Cox of Clay City, Kentucky, found a bronze coin in a freshly plowed field that proved to be Hebrew of 132 A.D. How the coin came to be under twelve to sixteen inches of soil (before plowing) has never been explained.

2) When Mrs. C. W. Culp of Morrisonville, Illinois started to put coal into her cooking stove on the morning of June 5, 1891, she noticed a ten-inch gold chain embedded in the lump. Coal is known to have been formed three to five million years ago, at least two million years before man arrived on earth.

3) The magazine *American Antiquarian* reported in May 1883, that a silver thimble had been found embedded in a block of coal in Colorado. Age of the coal was estimated to be three million years.

4) Alfred Goodman bought several Indian artifacts from a farmer near Clintwood, Virginia, in July 1974. Among the items was a four and one-half inch circular stone with carved lines on it which gave the disk the appearance of a sliced pie. Goodman sent a photo of the object to Harvard University, where it was identified as wheel money made in Spain in 250 B.C. The professors could not explain how the coin got to America.

5) James Collins was using a metal detector in a wooded area near Rogers, Kentucky in May, 1987, when he found a Roman coin circa 217 B.C., and a bronze nine-inch bladed knife of the same time period.

6) In 1986 an amateur geologist, while hiking in a remote area in Potter County, Pennsylvania, discovered a stone pyramid approximately ten feet high. The stones were perfectly formed and had been fused together with heat in a process unknown today.

7) While searching for a hidden cache of gold coins in 1975, Clel Smith of Pineville, Kentucky, found a cave on the Kentucky-Tennessee state lines. Inside were numerous giant human bones. The University of Tennessee assembled two complete skeletons from this cave which measured almost ten feet tall.

8) In 1869 a piece of feldspar formed over three million years ago, was broken open by a miner in Nevada. Inside was a perfectly formed two-inch metal screw.

9) The *London Times* reported on Christmas Eve in 1851 that a miner had returned to England from California and while breaking open a chunk of gold ore had discovered a perfectly preserved square iron nail in the five million year old deposit.

10) Before it was blasted to pieces by a road crew in 1934, a large, smooth, man-made stone, measuring exactly twenty feet on four sides and forty feet long, lay in a stream bed near Quicksand, Kentucky. A hole the approximate size of a barrel went completely through the square. Several college professors examined the stone, but no answer as to who made it, when, why, and what purpose it served could be learned.

11) In June 1852, a metal object, five inches high and six inches wide, was found in a rock quarry near Dorchester, Massachusetts. It was adorned with flowers and was of an unknown metal. The item had been trapped in five million year old stone.

12) A book, *Fossils of the South Downs,* published in 1822, tells of a brass pin being found embedded in flint near Hamburg, Germany, also of 126 silver coins trapped in agate in Grinol, Denmark. These are two of the hardest stones known to man and date to ten million years.

13) The complete fossilized skeleton of a woman was found in a slab of sandstone in a rock quarry near Zanesville, Ohio in 1853. According to geologists it takes approximately five million years for fossilization to take place.

14) While digging coal near Hammondsville, Ohio, in 1868, James Parsons and his sons found a large, smooth slate wall twenty feet underground with hieroglyphic writing that scholars could not decipher.

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Fossils of the South Downs. Published 1822.

London Times. December 24, 1851.

Lost Treasure

COVER PHOTO
Some of the Mexican coins recovered during the hunt in Mexico. Related story on page 20.
Photo by: Roy Zeper

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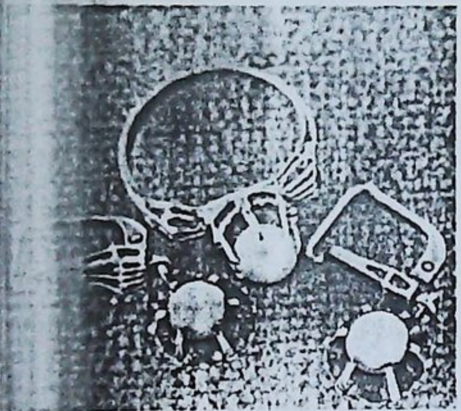
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LOUISIANA'S IS

By Hal Douglas

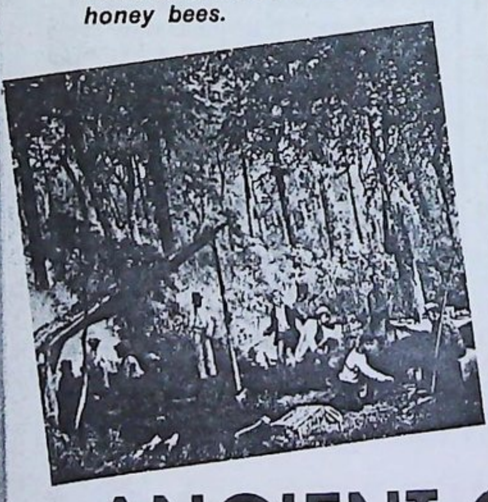
Honey Island—that's a site to conjure up old tales of pirates highwaymen and their hidden loot. Nestling between the east and west branches of the Pearl River, this island divides the river before its entry into Lake Borgne. To the west lies Louisiana, to the east Mississippi.

For years before the United States took over West Florida, in 1819, and for several years thereafter, practically a total state of anarchy existed in this general area. Most of West Florida, which at that time included Honey Island, was in a state of chaos. It was every man for himself—no law and order.

Into this lawless region came Pierre Rameau in the early 1800s. His real name was Kirk MacCullogh, born in Scotland as the son of a minister. Always a hell-raiser, he abducted Margaret Burns, married her, and the two fled to Spain. It was there that the girl died. Some believe MacCullogh murdered her. Following this incident he went to sea, embracing the life of a pirate.

Eventually, MacCullogh appeared in Louisiana under the name of Pierre Rameau—the so-called "King of Honey Island."

Early settlers gave the island its name because of its abundance of honey bees.



Here he gained an unsavory reputation as both a buccaneer and land pirate. He sent ships to prey upon merchant vessels in the Gulf of Mexico; his mounted brigands terrorized lonely settlers and travelers on land. As Honey Island was accessible to his pirate vessels, Rameau made it his headquarters for receiving and hiding plunder. The island was also close enough to New Orleans for conveniently fencing his spoils. His land and sea activities flourished to the point that his island warehouse was not large enough for all his ill-gotten booty, so he built a second warehouse in Gainesville.

THE WILD AND SWAMPY ISLAND HARBORS SEVERAL TALES OF HIDDEN TREASURE, WHICH INCLUDE BOXES OF PILFERED RIFLES AND PISTOLS

Honey Island in Rameau's day was a wilderness, proving to be an excellent hideout for his gang. It was a dank jungle, crisscrossed by numerous streams of the Pearl River delta. Virgin stands of cypress, tupelo gum and water oak choked the low-lying areas, while the more elevated regions were overgrown with beech, magnolia, red gum and oak. Here wild turkeys and deer abounded, and the frog population was tremendous.

This island has not changed greatly over the years. Now, U.S. Highway 90 crosses its southern end, while most of the area to the north is best accessible by boat, being a salt marsh known as Honey Island Swamp.

Rameau was the type of pirate generally portrayed by movies and TV—handsome, tall and well-muscled. In addition, he was educated—a trait which set him aside from most brigands of those rough days. However, he had one weakness, a torrid desire to possess a certain amethyst jewel of amazing size and beauty, cut in the shape of a cross. Its workmanship evidenced that a master hand had produced it, and the color of the stone, almost a sapphire blue, was exquisite, clear as a summer sky and as transparent as the purest water.

The story of this jewel goes back to the days when Rameau was a pirate in the Far East, where he shared dangers and profits with a fellow pirate named Vasseur. When booty was being divided among crewmen, Rameau's share was mostly precious stones, including the amethyst cross, while Vasseur's share was principally gold coins. The latter, however, coveted his comrade's gems, so they swapped gems for gold. Meanwhile, Rameau began to scheme how he would one day wrest Vasseur's gems from him, including the amethyst cross.

After Rameau had later forsaken the buccaneer life, he concentrated on forming a gang of cutthroats to pillage in the states along the Gulf Coast. Known as the Chats Haunts (screech owls), this band

ANCIENT OUTLAW STRONGHOLD

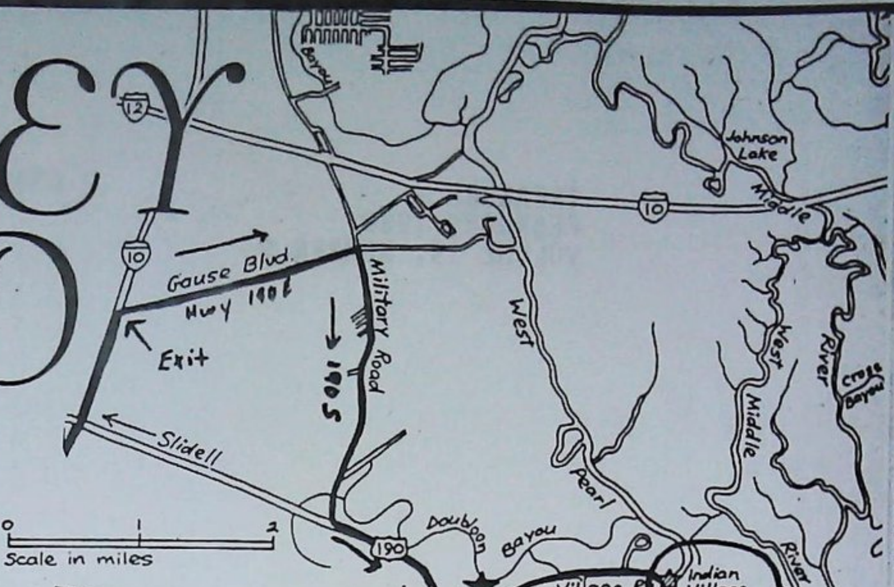
HONEY
SLAND

extended its operations over a large area, engaging in every type of theft and robbery from hold-ups on lonely roads to the forcible seizure of horses and cattle on plantations from Georgia to Louisiana.

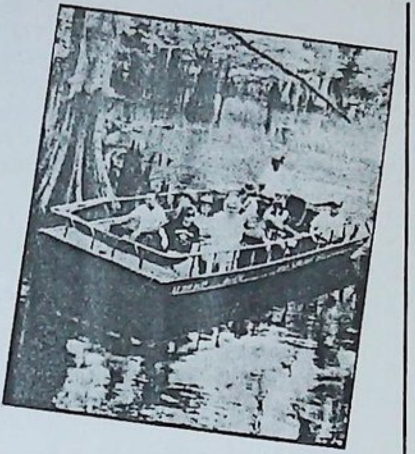
In his book, *The King of Honey Island*, J. Maurice Thompson stated: "Rameau and his immediate associates preferred, for prudential reasons, to do most of their boldest and most remunerative work at a distance from their headquarters. In the country round about Honey Island, within a radius of fifty or sixty miles, people and their property were not molested to any great degree. It was this policy, enforced by Rameau, which had so long protected him and his followers from investigation. The main fact was that wealthy and influential men in New Orleans, large sharers in the unholy revenues, were standing behind the outlaws and affording them protection.

During this lawless period Vasseur, too, had retired from the sea, establishing himself on a plantation worked by slaves on the north shore of Bay St. Louis in Mississippi, about 20 miles east of Honey Island. Vasseur still possessed the gems, which he had earlier obtained from Rameau, and pridefully exhibited them to his friends—a fateful mistake.

Rameau learned that his old shipmate still possessed the beautiful amethyst cross and determined to seize it. Even though Vasseur's plantation was within the radius the leader of the Chats Haunts had steadfastly avoided for safety's sake, Rameau's greed cast aside this precaution.



Now a part of Louisiana, Honey Island consists of 27,000 acres of alluvial plains, twisting bayous, marsh and grassy hummocks lying between the east and west branches of the Pearl River.



Today, tour boats navigate the bayous and streams of that part of the Island called Honey Island Swamp.

So it was on a pitch-black night, shortly before the War of 1812, that Rameau and four other horsemen followed the Black Wolf Trail to Bay St. Louis and Vasseur's plantation.

The owner's home was hidden among the trees and vines like some great straggling bird's nest, dim and silent. Now dismounted, the five men donned masks and rushed to batter down the door of the house. Vasseur and another man, named Fairfax, were roughly dragged from their beds, bound hand and foot, and pushed to the floor.

"I know you!" screamed the owner. "I know you, Pierre Rameau. You might just as well take off that mask; it does not disguise you."

Some of the master's slaves were roused by the uproar, but they were firmly ordered back to their quarters—or face death. Then, the intruders ransacked the house, garnering a quantity of money and precious stones.

As Rameau sorted through this loot, he became enraged. Glaring at Vasseur, he shouted, "The cross is not here. Where is it?"

The planter refused to answer, but more searching finally revealed the prize within a worn leather case.

At this, the bound victim roared, "Rameau, you faithless and honorless hound! I'll kill you for this. I'll track you, dog your footsteps and kill you!"

To insure this would never happen, the brigands set fire to the house and galloped away with

D A CACHE HUNTER'S PARADISE

HISTORIANS ESTIMATE THAT THE BANDIT CHIEF ACCUMULATED ABOUT $450,000 IN GOLD COINS BY THE TIME OF HIS DEATH

their loot, leaving the bound victims to their fate. Fortunately, the slaves emerged from their quarters to drag the two men to safety. Following this tragedy, Vasseur told Fairfax the story of the beautiful cross and how he had gained it.

True to his word, wiry little Vasseur began to shadow his adversary—perhaps giving Rameau some cause for worry. On one occasion he tracked the bandit chief to Honey Island with the intention of murdering him. However, Vasseur was caught by a guard, flogged severely and booted off the island.

By now the War of 1812 had intruded upon the Gulf States. General Andrew "Old Hickory" Jackson had marched his army southward to New Orleans to repulse a threatened invasion by the British. When the call for volunteers went out to enhance the American forces, renegades like Jean Lafitte and his pirate band rushed to join Jackson in promise of a reward of amnesty for past crimes.

One of those who applied for a commission was a certain Colonel Loring. He was repulsed by Old Hickory, who bellowed, "I don't need officers. I want men who will carry a rifle. Will you do that?"

Loring was so enraged by this affront that he went off to cast his lot with the British. An amazing thing—Loring was none other than Kirk MacCullogh, alias Pierre Rameau. A telltale hairline scar, running across the man's left cheek and ear, proved all three were the same man.

Students of history will recall that on January 8, 1815, the Americans soundly defeated the British on the Chalmette battlefield.

Fighting with the British, Rameau was severely wounded in both arms. In the retreat he staggered away, hoping to make his way to his refuge at Honey Island. On the trail he reached a deserted plantation home. Apparently, the occupants had been frightened away by the sounds of battle.

Unknown to Rameau, his old enemy, Vasseur, had been following him. Upon the plantation owner's return to his home on the next day, he encountered a grisly sight—Vasseur lay dead on the lawn, and a short distance away Rameau also sprawled in death, probably from loss of blood caused by his wounds. It is difficult to state how Vasseur met his end, but apparently Rameau killed him before succumbing to his own wounds.

Historians have estimated that the bandit chief had accumulated approximately $450,000 in gold coins by the time of his death—probably stashed somewhere on Honey Island. In addition, there was the beautiful amethyst cross and other loot which can not be accounted for. That trove would be valued in the millions today, particularly in the manner that gold has soared. Has any of that wealth ever been recovered? Probably the great bulk is just as safe today as the time when the old outlaw hid it. We only know that a party of hunters, in 1907, found a stash of $1,000 in Mexican coins on Honey Island. Then, there was an old fisherman who, one day, discovered a stout chain fastened to a tree at the water's edge. By great effort he tugged on the chain to pull ashore a chest containing more money. How much it was is anyone's guess.

Not only Rameau, but other bandits as well used the island as a repository for their swag. John Murrell, best known for his depredations along the Natchez Trace, was said by old settlers to have secreted a fortune in gold and silver coins there. Then, there was a pirate nicknamed Calico Dick, who received that name for stealing a bolt of calico from a country store when he was a boy. When chased by naval vessels, he would sail his ship into the maze of the Pearl River delta and stash his loot on Honey Island. Another renegade, James Copeland, operated in that area during the 1840-50 period, using the island as a hideout and place to hide his swag.

For several years, following the Civil War, a number of bands of vengeful and embittered former Confederate soldiers roamed this region. With allegiance to none but themselves, they pillaged former friend and foe alike. One group was alleged to have hidden several boxes of pilfered rifles and pistols in a Honey Island cave. Perhaps they were hoping for another war.

Yes, this wild and swampy island harbors several tales of hidden treasure. Other than the hunters and fisherman previously mentioned, we know of no other definite finds. Perhaps you may have more skill, or better luck, than most searchers—but beware of the critters that inhabit Honey Island. As one old-timer said, "If the rattlesnakes don't get you, the mosquitoes will." ☐

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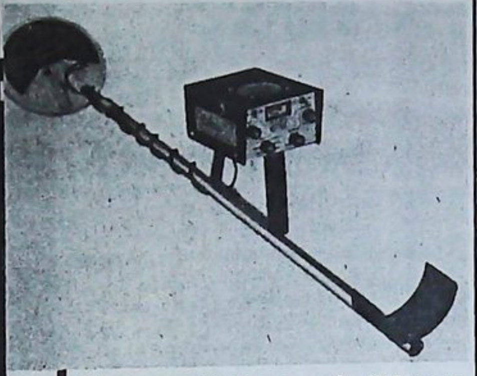

The prototype of Wilson Electronics' new A-T-D indicates it will be an easy detector to learn, while providing state-of-the-art performance.

SNEAK PREVIEW

About the time this magazine reaches readers' hands, a brand new detector should be on its way out of the Wilson Electronics factory in South Bend, Indiana. Labeled the "Daytona A-T-D," it was designed by Paul Wilson, the originator of that popular Daytona line of metal detectors which so many treasure hunters have enjoyed since the 1970s. *Treasure* will certainly have a full product review of this instrument in an upcoming issue; however, in the meantime, we thought readers might like to partake of a news release we received, so you will at least have an idea what this detector promises.

The A-T-D, which stands for "Analog To Digital," is a top-of-the-line unit primarily aimed at the coin and jewelry hunter. As such, it will offer very few controls to manipulate, superb depth, silent searching, slow-motion discrimination and electronic pinpointing. About the latter two features, the news release says, "The new A-T-D is truly a professional unit in every aspect—with just a slight movement the unit responds to coins and jewelry, and you hardly know it's a motion detector. Then as a find is detected, a slight press of the fingertip switch and the unit is instantly programmed for the Ground Balance All Metal Mode for pinpointing the find. The centering is so distinct that a coin can easily be located within an inch of the center.

"Another great advantage of this pinpoint circuitry (an asset to any detector) is the fact that this enables the ground balance to be manually adjusted accurately for any ground condition and increases the efficiency and performance of the detector."

The news release says nothing about the quality of the A-T-D's construction, but if it is anything like earlier Daytona models, the workmanship will be of the best. For those who want more than this little preview, free literature about the A-T-D is now available from the following: Wilson Electronics, 4415 Brookton Drive, South Bend, IN 46614, or call (219) 291-1226.

GOLDEN HORSE NEWS

The main thing for Golden Horse searchers to note is that the Blair Corporation is no longer the company to contact in matters pertaining to that treasure. Instead, the publisher of the puzzle has taken over those duties, in order to facilitate the handling of inquiries, and can be reached at the following: IntraVision, 330 West 58th Street, Suite 4J, New York, NY 10019 (phone: 212/262-5326).

Puzzle-solvers who have already sent Blair a self-addressed, self-stamped envelope in order to receive the much awaited "additional clues" need not worry. All such envelopes have been forwarded to IntraVision and are being kept on file in an SASE master list. New requests for the additional clues, however, should be directed to IntraVision.

In a November 11, 1987, statement announcing this changeover, the president of IntraVision also mentioned that, as of that date, the Golden Horse had *not* been found. Now, a couple of months later, the auriferous equine probably still retains that status, for author Boyd Jolley has stayed in close touch with the people at IntraVision and has yet to hear of anyone solving the puzzle or claiming the prize. We wish readers the best of luck.

HONEY ISLAND MONSTER

More than just good luck, however, may be necessary for readers who venture after the Honey Island treasures described in this issue. In the following excerpts from Paul F. Serpas' 1973 book, *Gulf South Journal*, you'll see the reasons our article should carry a Surgeon General's warning: "These treasures may be hazardous to your health."

Long regarded as one of the most primitive areas of the United States, the Honey Island Swamp is a nature lover's dream. The frog population, for example, is said to be the densest in any area of comparable size in the world, and almost every known species of birds and animals native to the South are believed to make their homes deep within the unbelievably thick growth. Such animals as bear and wild boar, while seldom seen, are known to inhabit the area, because their tracks are often in evidence.

And just about a week ago, another creature was added to the list of Honey Island dwellers, a creature dubbed by the press "The Honey Island Monster."

The "Monster" story was aired by a local television news show when an experienced swamp guide reported his powerboat struck something just beneath the surface of one of the bayous which weave through the swamp like a network of webbing, woven by the fingers of nature eons ago. The guide said he had rolled over the creature with the boat, causing the motor to "kick-up." The guide stopped the boat, and searched for whatever it was he had hit, at first believing it to have been a turtle. Suddenly, his companion sighted something emerging from the water behind them. "We turned around, and coming out of the water was the animal, about five foot (tall), it was

(Continued on page 15)

G!

RT OF TREASURE THE PARK

Years ago, the **TREASURE** staff learned the hard way about the problem of returning to a potential site after a long period of time. Everything looked different: We took the wrong dirt road for miles; Landmarks we thought were there, weren't; the search area was covered with new brush and was almost impossible to relocate! Our confusion and frustration grew--"The creek didn't seem that close the last time." "Didn't we get those coins by that tree stump?" "Next time somebody remember to bring mosquito repellent!" "Why didn't I remember to bring a small coil for working around these bolders." In short, our memory had failed us completely. Due to this hard-learned lesson, we decided to design a TREASURE LOG for our own use; one that was simple, yet that would supply us with all the information we would need on a return trip, no matter how long it was since our last visit. And take our word for it, they are worth their weight in gold!

Because of the great interest THers have expressed when they've seen these logs, we thought we would make them available to all. They are printed on extra heavy 70 lb. bond paper and are standard 8½ x 11 notebook size. (You can add dividers, extra sheets for drawings, photos, etc.) As you can see, the front side has spaces for a multitude of important information, plus an area to sketch a map and record landmarks to get you back to your site with ease.

The back also has a large map area which is designed for a more detailed scale drawing of the search site, showing finds that were made, areas searched, plus new sites that may show promise for the next trip. There is plenty of room for general notes and for listing finds to correspond with your map.

The TREASURE LOGS are being offered in lots of three dozen—72 sides of important info for only $3.50 plus $1.00 for postage and handling. ($4.50 Total)

(Continued from page 4)

black, I couldn't tell if it had hair or if it was skin. It was running—it was on two legs."

The guide related how the creature went up onto the bank and immediately disappeared into the swamp.

The tracks made by the animal were described as fairly large, with five webbed toes.

Similar creatures have been reported from all parts of Louisiana, Mississippi and the Gulf Coast area, and some years ago there was a sighting reported in the Lake Borgne area. Those familiar with the Honey Island Swamp say it is a perfect spot for an unknown species of animal to remain unknown, and speculate that there could be more than one type of unusual creature deep within its morass.

The above description by Mr. Serpas indicates the creature is shy rather than aggressive, so there's probably no reason to carry firearms against it. Still, one should take the usual precautions—don't feed it, and don't play with its offspring.

E-Z RESEARCH

Readers who would like help with their research will be interested in the following announcement from Detector Electronics Corporation, famous for its Depthmaster and Superphone line of accessories.

"Depthmaster/Detector Electronics Corp. of Framingham, Mass., has published a brochure which outlines the way to use a public library to research for treasure. This paper contains basic techniques which will quickly familiarize non-library users with the modern library. The major information in this brochure is geared to developing treasure hunting sites through the use of various types of commonly found library materials."

Even the smallest public libraries have a wealth of information and local leads for the treasure hunter, so this brochure could be a real plus for anyone's own library. For a free copy of the brochure, write to the following: Depthmaster/Detector Electronics, Research Paper, 873 T Concord St., Framingham, MA 01701, or phone (617) 626-0244.□

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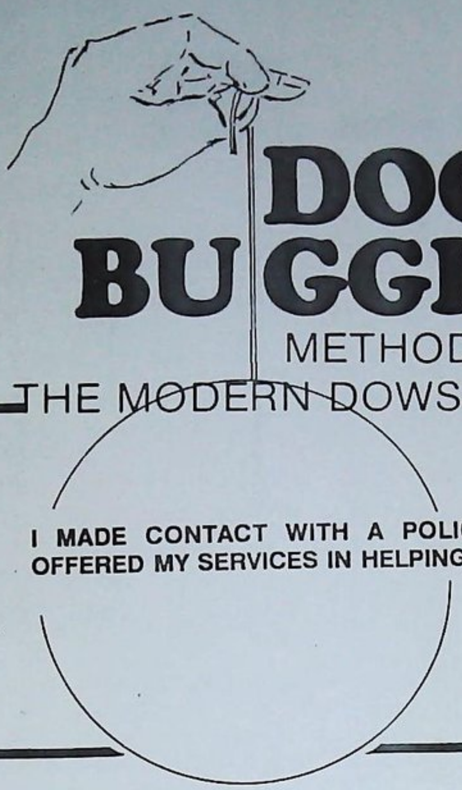


DOODLE BUGGING

METHODS FOR THE MODERN DOWSER

By Bob Ater

I MADE CONTACT WITH A POLICE OFFICER THAT I KNEW AND OFFERED MY SERVICES IN HELPING TO LOCATE THE STRANGE CREATURE

PSYCHIC TRAILS

In the search for buried treasure, it is fair to apply any method that may have a possibility of discovering the sought-after cache. This is where we may apply an old adage—"If it works, use it." Some methods may seem strange or even impossible, but if there is a remote possibility that it may work, go ahead and try it.

One such method involves following the trail of the person who buried the treasure. The concept is based on the theory that everything occurring in this world leaves behind a psychic imprint that trained and sensitive people can "tune in," allowing them, more or less, to relive that circumstance or experience. To demonstrate this, I will relate one of my own experiences.

FOLLOWING THE GORILLA

A few years ago while living in Maine I followed many news reports concerning a gorilla that was apparently running wild in the local area. The creature would be seen in some neighborhood near the edge of town, then disappear into the woods after having been observed by a number of local citizens. These sightings had become very big news and a real mystery. There were some people who thought it might be a "Sasquatch" or "Big Foot."

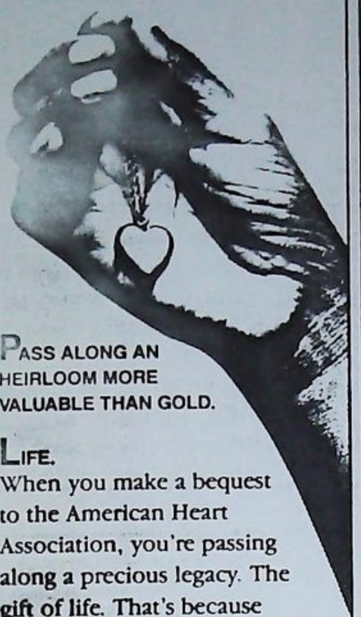
I made contact with a police officer that I knew well and offered my services in helping to locate the strange creature. My offer was accepted, and I was driven to a remote cemetery where the beast had been seen the previous day. I told the officer who drove me out there that I preferred to investigate alone and arranged for him to pick me up in about 30 minutes. At that time I would report my findings to him.

Using an "L" type swing rod, I stood alone in the center of the cemetery concentrating and instructing my subconscious mind to point out the path this "gorilla" had followed. The area was surrounded by thick woods, and there were no houses or other structures nearby. It wasn't until later that I considered the possible danger I had placed myself in. At the time, I was so engrossed in my efforts that I gave no thought to fear. Going through life always avoiding possible danger can be boring, anyway.

As I concentrated on the "thing" that I wished to follow, I poised the dowsing rod in the search position. It swung to the left, pointing to the rear of the cemetery. As I followed the direction pointed out by the rod, it led me down an embankment, then back toward the cemetery again. At the edge of the embankment I noticed a deep footprint, much bigger than that of an ordinary man. There was a young but sturdy sapling growing there, and it was evident that the "gorilla" had grasped it to help pull itself up the incline. I placed my own foot in the print that th creature had left in the ground, graspe the small tree and pulled myself up in th same manner. Back in the cemetery I continued to dowse the trail, which le me to the far side of the cleared area the across the road and into the woods on th other side. Now the wooded area was jumble of tangled vegetation, but som how I managed to follow the directio the rod indicated. I came to an area whe many tall pines were growing. T ground beneath these trees was thick wi a layer of pine needles. Here, I disco ered more deep footprints similar to t one I had found near the embankment the back of the cemetery. My dowsi experiment was obviously working we I was apparently following the exact tr that I had asked my subconscious identify.

It was at this time that I began realize my safety might be in jeopar if this was in fact a wild beast of so kind, so I headed back toward the ro

(Continued on page 7



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Doodle Bugging

(Continued from page 28)

I then heard a loud "bang" that sounded like a gunshot, which convinced me I ought to stay on the road and wait for my policeman friend to pick me up. He arrived shortly and told me that he had also heard what sounded like a gun going off. He said he feared that I had been shot. As it turned out, we were able to establish that a tractor being used by a farmer in a nearby field had backfired, causing the sound that we had both heard.

On the way back to town a report came over the police radio that the gorilla had just been seen in another location. We immediately drove to that area, where we met with several other officers and the witnesses who had seen the creature. Following a short conference, we headed into the woods in the direction the thing had been seen going. We ran for a block or more, but found nothing. Returning to the police cruiser, we followed the road that circled the perimeter of the area where the thing was probably hiding. The "L" rod pointed to the center of that area as we rode along. We circled the entire section,the rod continuously pointing to the center of the wooded area. I was sure in my own mind that the thing was hiding out there, but we lacked the manpower to surround the area.

THE GORILLA SUIT

This strange incident was finally explained to everyone's satisfaction when a local costume company reported that a customer had rented a gorilla suit and then failed to return it. This person was obviously the culprit, who had everyone fooled and overly excited with his antics. For me, it was a very interesting experience in dowsing from which I learned a great deal.

Because of this experience and several similar ones, I highly recommend that you try following a trail using dowsing techniques, especially if you have a known starting point to work from. Even if you know only the general area where there is something worth following, you can dowse for the specific trail location. Once you have confidence that you have located the right path, follow it to its conclusion.

Children can experiment with this type of dowsing while playing "hide and seek." Give them a homemade "L" rod to use and let them see what they can do. Maybe they can show the adults how easy this type of dowsing can be. ☐

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ON THE COVER: Treasure salvor Carl Fismer (left), antique dealer Valerie Flowers and Bob Allison display salvaged artifacts from "Beyond the 3 Mile Limit" (see story page 26). Photo by Robert Lewis Knecht.

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to wander the Trinity high country and work on curing his tuberculosis. It was that fall that found him building the fire in a valley off the Devil's Backbone, on the Red Cap Creek side, when he found the site of the mine lost for 25 years.

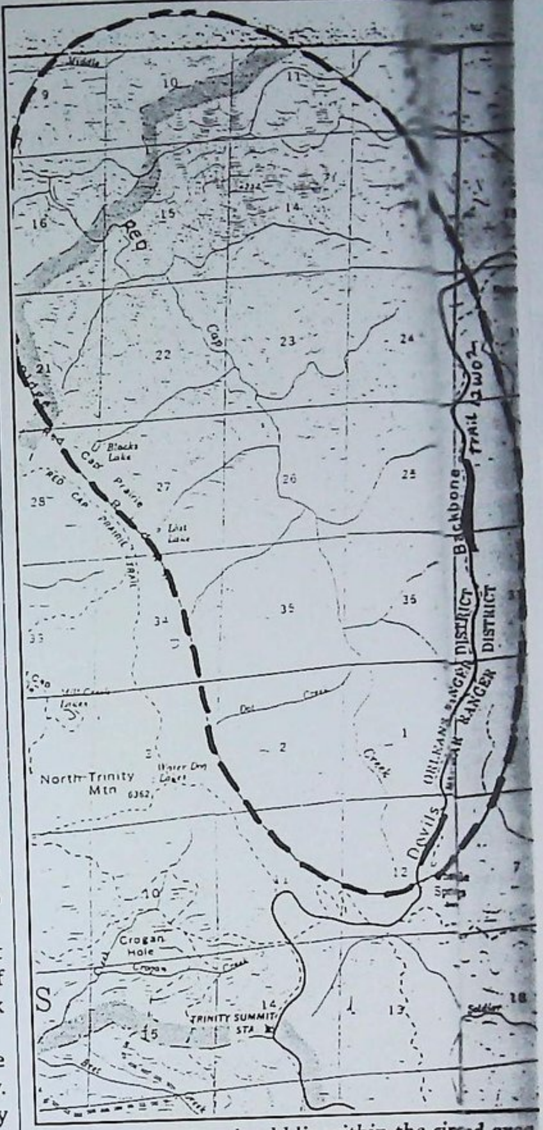
Jones camped in the vicinity for a few days. The pieces seemed to fit. First the white partners, the sourdoughs, had worked the claim. Then they had been ambushed and murdered in their cabin. Most likely it was the Indian who had done it. In any event, after the murder, a new owner had apparently worked the mine.

As a few snowflakes began to drift down out of the sky, closing the season in the high country for 1914, Jones was forced to head down to the Trinity River and eventually to the town of Blue Lake in Humboldt County, where he spent the winter.

In January of 1915, he came down with pneumonia. As he lay in the hospital, his two sons listened as he tried to tell them directions to the gold mine he had found in the Devil's Backbone country. They spent five summers after their father's death combing the ridges and valleys. The location of the mine was buried with Mack Jones and, along with the memory, again sank back into oblivion.

It's still there. A good place to start looking would be on the west side of Devil's Backbone in the Red Cap Creek drainage.

A person in a vehicle can drive completely around the area in one day. Willow Creek is located on Highway 299, 45 miles from the coast and Highway 101, or about 85 miles west from Redding and Interstate 5. A turn north onto Highway 96 at Willow Creek takes you through Hoopa, Wietchpec, Orleans and Somes Bar. Here the route turns up the Salmon River along a gut-grabbing, gear-gnashing road slung casually against vertical canyon walls where sometimes the only choices for motorists is a logging truck head-on, the river 300 feet below, or the unyielding flank of the mountain. Survivors of this stretch of road will arrive in the old gold mining town of Forks of Salmon, referred to locally simply as "The Forks."



The lost gold mine should lie within the circled area.

The Forks is the jumping off place for the Devil's Backbone country. It can also be reached from Interstate 5 by driving west via Callahan, Cecilville, then down the river to Forks of Salmon.

Logging roads shown on local U.S. Forest Service maps will take today's seeker of the lost mine to within about two miles of Salmon Mountain, northern terminus of the Devil's Backbone. South of the Forks of Salmon town site, look for Forest Service Road #10N04. This road climbs south, nearly to the top of the divide on the Trinity County line. Near the mountain

the LOST LEDGE

By Wayne F. Moss

GOLD ON DEVIL'S BACKBONE

Mack Jones picked up what he thought was a piece of firewood to toss on his campfire, but as he glanced at the object in his hand he was horrified. Quickly he dropped it. At his feet lay a moldy, fire-blackened human skull.

The year was 1914 and Jones had gone up into the high country along the Humboldt-Trinity County (California) line to camp for a few months and try to cure his tuberculosis. He had spent the summer roaming about the cluster of peaks that rise like whitecaps on an angry ocean along the ridge known locally as Devil's Backbone.

After recovery from the shock of finding the skull, Jones kicked away the leaves and moss around his campsite. Soon it was obvious there was charred wood marking the remains of a log cabin destroyed by fire some time ago. A sooty skeleton lay within the framework of the cabin. Another lay outstretched on the flat near the cabin site, the skull of which he had almost thrown in the fire. The skeleton in the cabin had a bullet hole through the forehead.

Excitedly, Jones ran around the area looking for diggings. He knew the story of a lost gold mine along Devil's Backbone. He found overgrown placer workings downstream. Rotten sluice boxes and piles of rocks were hidden from view by a welter of downed timber. The last miner to work the place had felled trees into the gravel beds to hide the diggings.

Jones panned the gravel at bedrock. It was laced with yellow metal. Gold!

He was pretty sure the last miner here had been the Indian who ended up impaled on a picket fence. Sitting on the gravel bar with a pan brimming with gold, Jones recalled the details of the lost mine on Devil's Backbone.

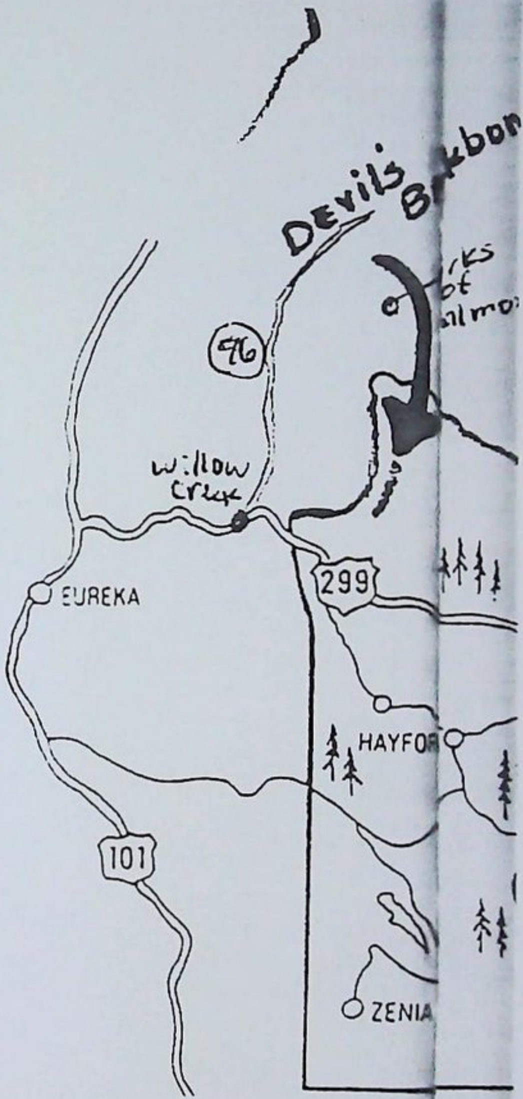
The story actually began in the 1880s, ten years before the Indian died on the picket fence.

Devil's Backbone is the crest of a ridge that forms not only the boundary between two counties, but is a natural pathway between the Salmon Mountains and Trinity Summit. It is as rough as a dragon's spine. Sun-blasted rock is sparsely shaded by scattered manzanita brush and digger pine. The slopes fall sharply from the ridge into steep boulder-strewn canyons below.

The Devil's Backbone was an important link between the Salmon River and Trinity River mines in the 1880s. The pack trains that plied the trail along the ridge not only transported supplies for the mines; they functioned as perambulating general stores.

The packmaster of the mule train crossing the Devil's Backbone on a summer day in the early 1880s was not surprised when two old sourdoughs appeared and wanted to shop for some groceries. The men were pretty haggard looking. Reports say one of them had fiery red whiskers and the other "resembled a bear looking out of a brush patch." Both were heavily armed with guns and rifles.

The size of the miners' poke was a jolt. "The heft of those bags made a man's arm ache" was the report in a

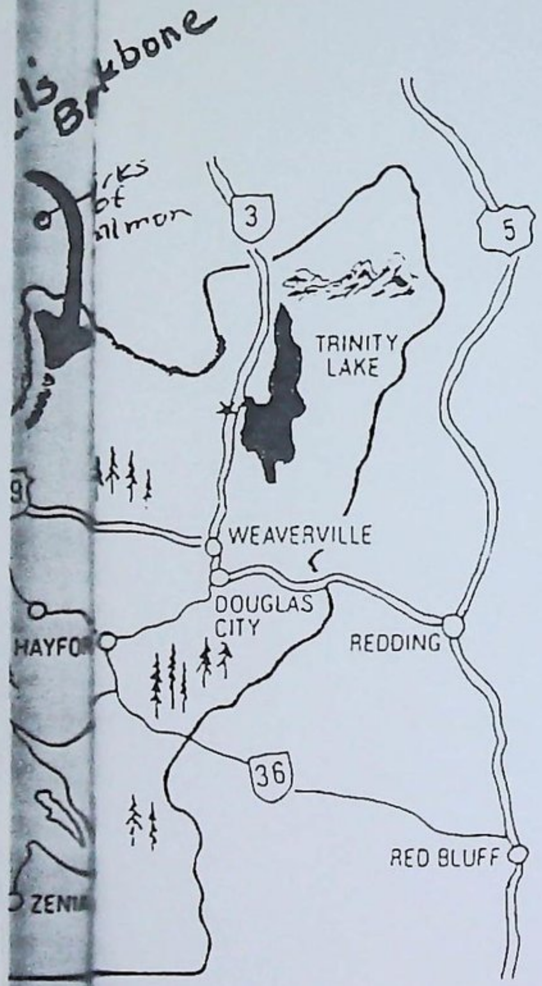


The Devil's Backbone stands in the northwes orner o Humboldt County line.

Somes Bar saloon over at the mouth of the Salmon River. In succeeding months the men reappeared periodically to meet the pack train. They always displayed plenty of gold to pay for their supplies. A few fruitless attempts were made to follow the men.

"Them boys just seemed to disappear," one old-timer recalled nearly fifty years later. "They split up a whole mule load of supplies into two packs, slip them onto their shoulders and fade off down into the Red Cap side of the Backbone. They were never traced more than a couple of hundred yards."

There came a day when the two sourdoughs failed to meet the pack train. The gold-laden miners never appeared again.



rthw rner of Trinity County, California, along the

During the 1890s people around the town of Willow Creek in Humboldt County noticed that an Indian was gradually becoming wealthy. In the space of six years he had gone from being an Indian who ranged the high ridges in the summer for deer and elk, and spending the miserable winters in the valley subsisting on dried acorns, to the owner of a ranch, a comfortable house, and plenty of livestock.

Everyone around Willow Creek agreed that he had no visible means of income. In autumn, he and his wife vanished into the high country for two or three weeks. When they returned, they had enough gold nuggets and dust to last the rest of the year. Attempts to follow them also proved useless.

For years a Willow Creek merchant tried to buy the directions to the secret bonanza from the Indian. Finally, in his old age, the Indian agreed. For a herd of horses and some land, the Indian said he would take the merchant to the mine. The morning of their journey arrived. As the Indian swung up into his saddle, his horse spooked at something and bucked him off. He was impaled on the picket fence around his yard.

His wife, horrified and frightened speechless by the accident, evidently felt a punishment had been visited upon her husband for attempting to reveal the secret of the mine. She clamped her mouth shut and carried the secret to her grave.

It remained a secret until Mack Jones showed up that summer in 1914

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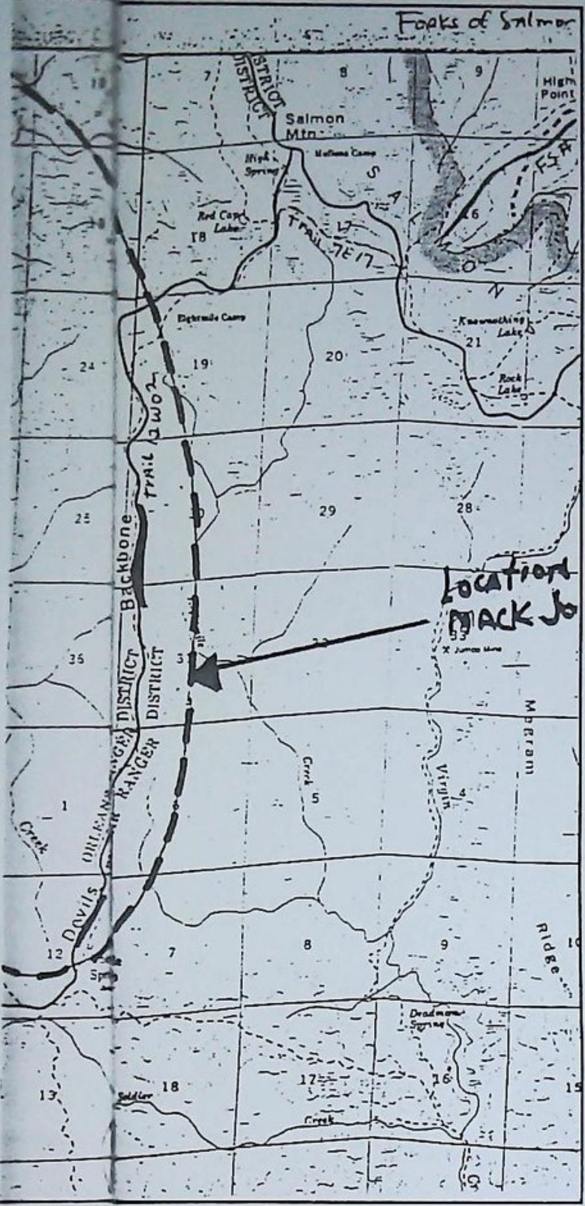

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named High Point, find Trail #7E17, which will take you to a point south of Salmon Mountain (6,957 feet elevation). Forest Service maps can be purchased from ranger stations in the area for $2. It is "shank's mare" all the way, unless you own a burro or horse. Motorized vehicles are not allowed in Devil's Backbone since it is located within the Trinity Alps Wilderness Area.

A pretty decent trail (#12W02) heads south from Salmon Mountain along the top of the ridge. To the west of the ridge is Red Cap Creek and Red Cap Lake; to the east, the headwaters of Eightmile Creek. The trail snakes ten rocky miles to the Trinity Summit Station. The spine of the Devil's Backbone offers an impressive perspective of the empty valleys brim-full of silence. It's a lonesome place. By day, an ebony furred martin, long thought extinct in this area, might be seen by the gaze of a great spotted owl. At night, a shadow whispers across the silhouette of the rare weeping spruce tree, a shadow that might be cast by the legendary Bigfoot. This is his country. There are no trails off the ridge into any of the canyons. Why should there be? No one ever goes down into them, which perhaps explains why a fabulous gold mine has been lost for a hundred years in one of them.

GEOGRAPHIC NOTES

LOCATION: Six Rivers National Forest, northern California, between Redding and Eureka.

GETTING THERE: Either I-5 to Redding then west on 299w, or Highway 101 to Arcata then east on 299w.

SEASON: Hot, dry summer with thunder showers now and then. Heavy snow in winter. Trails usually open by middle of May and are closed by snow late November.

PERMITS: Wilderness permit required. Permit is free. Permit and maps available from Six Rivers National Forest Service headquarters, 507 F Street, Eureka (707) 442-1721. Lower Trinity Ranger Station, Willow Creek (916) 629-2118. Orleans Ranger Station, Orleans (916) 627-3291. Shasta-Trinity National Forest headquarters, 2400 Washington Ave., Redding (916) 246-5222. Weaverville Ranger Station, Weaverville (916) 623-2121.

MAPS: The most detailed map is the USGS topographic map, Salmon Mountain (California) quadrangle. Six Rivers National Forest map or Shasta-Trinity National Forest map provides a good overview of the area and possible approaches to Devil's Backbone.

HAZARDS: Encounters with rattlesnakes and poison oak probable. Bigfoot a possibility. Entire area is a designated wilderness area and should be respected as such.□

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Lost Treasure

COVER PHOTO

A stage coach robber buries his loot for a future-generation treasure hunter to find. Related story on page 12. Photo by Rich and Joe Giannone.

October 1990

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A quarter-million in gold coins still unaccounted for!

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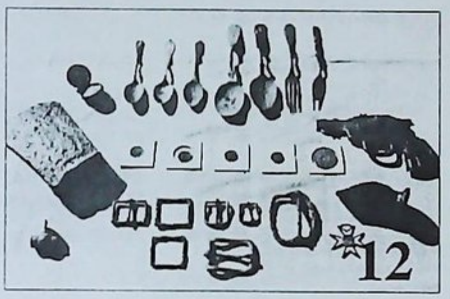

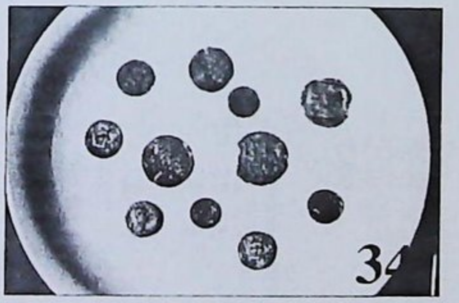

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A great detector at a great price!

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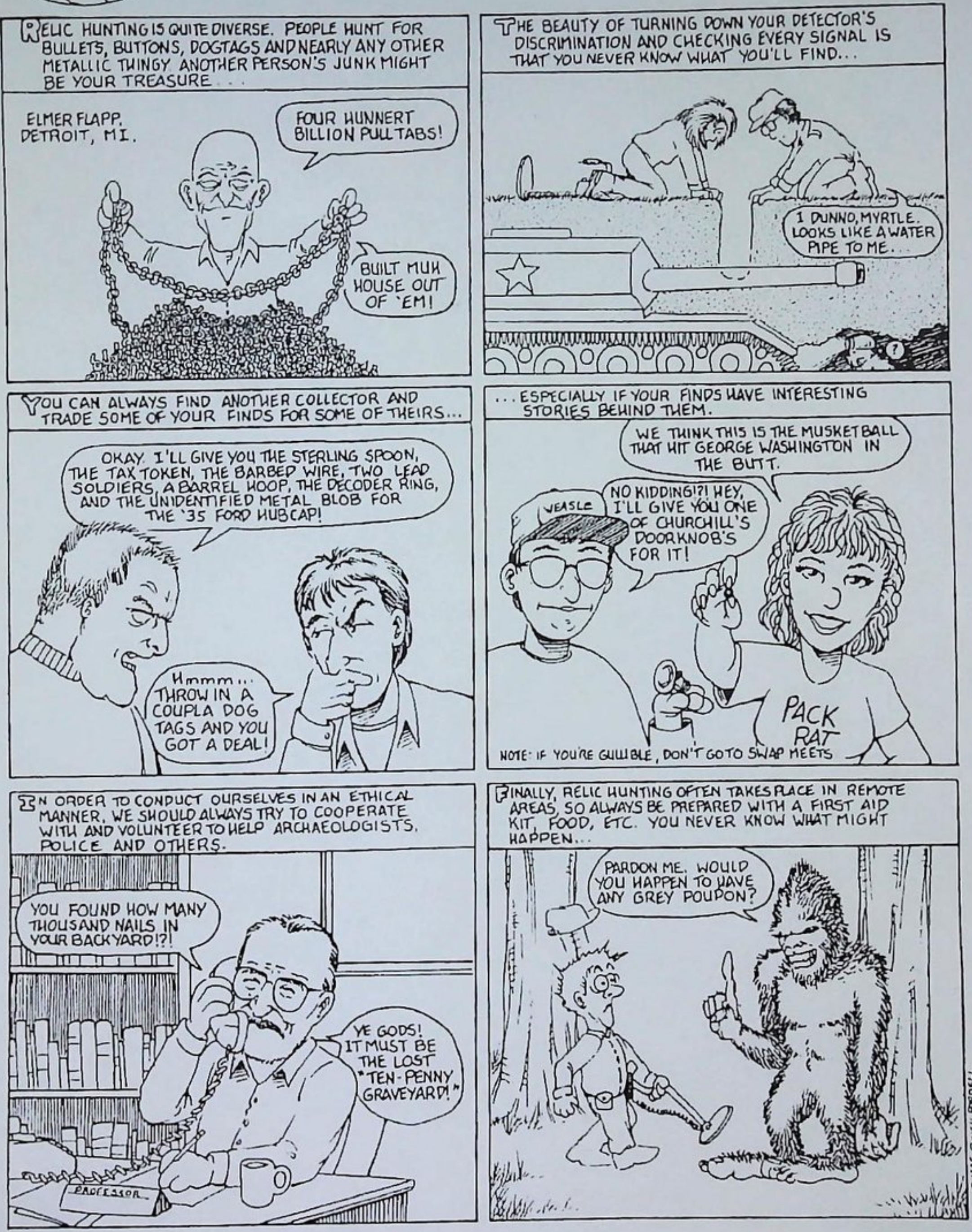
CHUCK'S WORLD OF TREASURES

RELIC HUNTING

RELIC HUNTING IS NOT ONLY LOADS OF FUN, IT CAN BE QUITE IMPORTANT IN TERMS OF THE HISTORY OF A GIVEN AREA. MOST RELIC HUNTERS KNOW WHEN A FIND MAY HAVE HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE AND WILL REPORT SAID FIND TO THE PROPER HISTORIANS, UNIVERSITIES, ETC.


RELIC HUNTING IS QUITE DIVERSE. PEOPLE HUNT FOR BULLETS, BUTTONS, DOGTAGS AND NEARLY ANY OTHER METALLIC THINGY. ANOTHER PERSON'S JUNK MIGHT BE YOUR TREASURE . . .
ELMER FLAPP, DETROIT, MI.
FOUR HUNNERT BILLION PULLTABS!
BUILT MUH HOUSE OUT OF 'EM!
THE BEAUTY OF TURNING DOWN YOUR DETECTOR'S DISCRIMINATION AND CHECKING EVERY SIGNAL IS THAT YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'LL FIND...
I DUNNO, MYRTLE. LOOKS LIKE A WATER PIPE TO ME...
?
YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND ANOTHER COLLECTOR AND TRADE SOME OF YOUR FINDS FOR SOME OF THEIRS...
OKAY. I'LL GIVE YOU THE STERLING SPOON, THE TAX TOKEN, THE BARBED WIRE, TWO LEAD SOLDIERS, A BARREL HOOP, THE DECODER RING, AND THE UNIDENTIFIED METAL BLOB FOR THE '35 FORD HUBCAP!
Hmmm... THROW IN A COUPLA DOG TAGS AND YOU GOT A DEAL!
... ESPECIALLY IF YOUR FINDS HAVE INTERESTING STORIES BEHIND THEM.
WE THINK THIS IS THE MUSKET BALL THAT HIT GEORGE WASHINGTON IN THE BUTT.
NO KIDDING!?! HEY, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE OF CHURCHILL'S DOORKNOB'S FOR IT!
WEASLE
PACK RAT
NOTE: IF YOU'RE GULLIBLE, DON'T GO TO SWAP MEETS
IN ORDER TO CONDUCT OURSELVES IN AN ETHICAL MANNER, WE SHOULD ALWAYS TRY TO COOPERATE WITH AND VOLUNTEER TO HELP ARCHAEOLOGISTS, POLICE AND OTHERS.
YOU FOUND HOW MANY THOUSAND NAILS IN YOUR BACKYARD!?!
YE GODS! IT MUST BE THE LOST "TEN-PENNY GRAVEYARD!"
PROFESSOR
FINALLY, RELIC HUNTING OFTEN TAKES PLACE IN REMOTE AREAS, SO ALWAYS BE PREPARED WITH A FIRST AID KIT, FOOD, ETC. YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN...
PARDON ME. WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY GREY POUPON?
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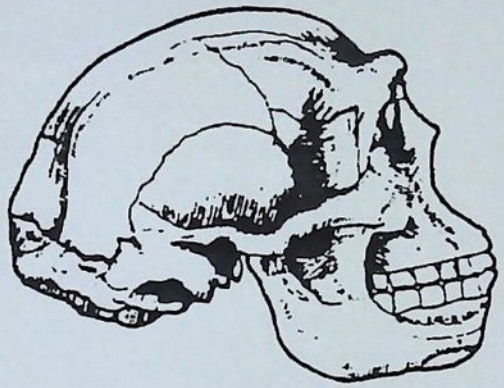

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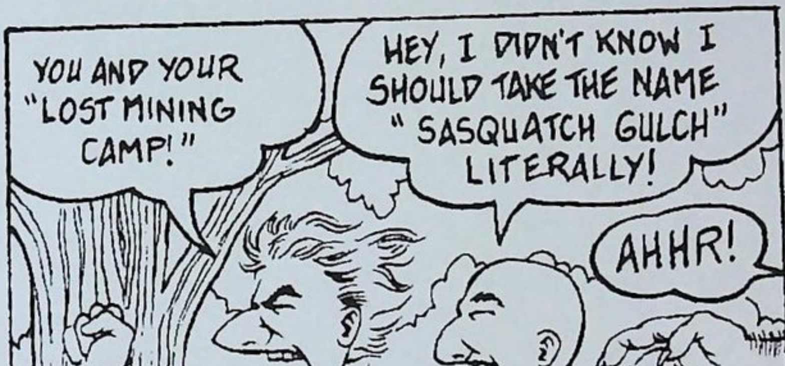
YOU AND YOUR "LOST MINING CAMP!"
HEY, I DIDN'T KNOW I SHOULD TAKE THE NAME "SASQUATCH GULCH" LITERALLY!
AHHR!
BRELL 00

a time he worked as a carnival boxer, a bell boy, and a host of other tasks. Of all these activities, the one that sticks out in his mind the most vividly, is his brief ring career.

"I didn't know much about it," he admits now, "but when you step into a ring with a big bully, you learn fast. My eating money depended on my oponents never winning the purse the carnival offered, and I was so hungry, I wasn't about to let any hick get that money."

After he left the carnival, Marcell boxed at smokers and private matches in the Southwest. "I never made the Ring Book," he smiled, "and there were lots of others who didn't either, but we managed to eat. In the Depression, that alone was something."

During these foot-loose years, Marcell continued to return to Mexico as often as his funds permitted it, and he soon learned the basics of mining. At first he worked for others, then gradually, he branched out on his own staking claims where he thought the prospects were the best.

Later, as he prospered in his mining activities, he began to devote part of his free time to treasure hunting. Gradually it became an almost full time occupation. He is now credited by historians in the field of lost Mexican mines with discovering the famous Rodriguez Mine, a lode that had been hidden from European eyes for almost 200-years. Even though he could still go directly to the site, he refuses to do so. In this case, the mine is close to a Yaqui Indian stronghold, and Marcell figures it is far better to look for a treasure where the neighbors aren't so hostile.

Drawing on his friendship with his father's friends, all veterans of the revolution with Pancho Villa, Marcell has been able to uncover many hoards that were cached by the roving peasant general. He is reluctant to give many details of them however, for obvious reasons. "Uncle Sam and the Mexican government might give me a bad time on my income taxes," he explained, "and they are already high enough to suit me."

But the real treasure in Marcell's opinion, is the Sierra Madre Mountains of Old Mexico. He probably knows this region of Mexico better than any living man, and it is this experience that people buy when they hire him as a guide. During the months of March through June, and August through November, Marcell leads hunters, explorers, tourists, and just plain curious people like himself, into the wilderness where few people have ever ventured.

One trip includes a visit to a cliff dwelling unknown to scientists, which Marcell hopes to induce trained archaelogists to come and study. All evidence he has been able to gather implies the dwellings have not been lived in for several hundred years.

Another weird phenomenon he has discovered is a ruined village of little beehive-like structures, none of which are over five-feet tall. Marcell thinks this might have been a village of pigmies. He plans to take an experienced scholar to the site for detailed investigations. "What a dedicated scientist could uncover in this one ruin would probably re-write much of early Mexican history," the explorer said.

After almost 30 years of taking hunters back packing into the mountains, Marcell is slowly divesting himself of this source of income and spending more time taking tourists around in motor homes and campers to out-of-the-way locations that can be reached by roads.

"People don't like to rough it anymore," he explains, "they want to have the kitchen sink with them every night, so I've had to change some of my tours to include the easier to reach parts of the Sierra Madre, which are still very spectacular."

But on his own, during the slack season, he still wanders off into the mountains to help a village build a small dam or erect a new school building, or if the spirit moves him, hunt for Tayopa again. Living an ordinary life doesn't hold much interest for him anymore. "That's not where the action is," he laughs.

Vic Marcell, guide, treasure hunter, and midwife is not likely to die in bed.

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